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MR. GLADSTONE AND SOUTH LANCASHIRE.

THERE was something striking and even dramatic in the announcement with which Mr. GLADSTONE began his speech at Liverpool, that at the very hour fixed for his reception there the Oxford poll had closed. He had done with the tie that for many long years had bound him to a place which had impressed him so deeply, which had taught him so much, and had won from him so much affection; and he had begun to form a new tie with a constituency altogether unlike his old one, but in many respects more powerful—the representative of ideas more congenial to his maturer mind, the centre of the interests which, above all, his genius has advanced and upheld. If he needed consolation under his rejection at Oxford, he found at Manchester and Liverpool the exact consolation most calculated to soothe and to stimulate him. With the susceptibility of an orator, the nervousness of a subtle and complex mind, and with something also of that sensitiveness as to his social position which is one of the least pleasant traits of his character, and which leads him not unfrequently into expressions of absurd self-disparagement, he feels the impulse and is cheered by the enthusiasm of a vast sympathizing audience. His reception at Manchester and Liverpool, the zealous respect paid him, the bursts of admiration that greeted everything he said, gave him new life and vigour, and he spoke with the consciousness of the great authority over the country which his present position enables him to command. As he himself expressed it, he felt himself “unmuzzled.” He could think as he pleased and say what he pleased henceforth, without having constantly before him the remembrance that any indiscretion might turn the tide of University opinion against him, and strengthen the hands of the wire-pullers of outlying country parsons. For Mr. GLADSTONE, as he is now, a worse seat than Oxford could scarcely be found, for the majority of the electors think, not only that he is wrong, but that true religion consists in proclaiming that he is wrong. Any other constituency might be argued with or convinced, but it is the peculiarity of University elections that the candidates may not address the electors; and even if there was an opportunity of speaking, what good could there be in addressing arguments to elderly country clergymen? On the other hand, for Mr. GLADSTONE, as he is now, no constituency could be better than that of South Lancashire. It is manufacturing and mercantile; it is deeply penetrated with the leading ideas that have found an expression in modern English legislation; and it is large, varied, and democratic enough to harmonize with a man in whom the popular fibre is very strong. But, at the same time, it is not simply democratic. It is strongly Conservative; it is keenly alive to the social influences of its nobility and its landowners; it abounds with English Roman Catholics, who will never, it is certain, go very far on the side of revolution; and it is greatly controlled by men who are not in the first generation of money-making, who have the sentiments that go with vast accumulated wealth, who ask for refinement in life and stability in society. Mr. GLADSTONE's return shows that the Conservative element is not wholly predominant; but the Conservatives were in possession of the field, and, considering that Mr. GLADSTONE appeared so late, and that the Tory influence is so great, the fact that he should not have been rejected shows how firm a hold he may hereafter expect to gain on the electors. As, indeed, is the constituency, such is its most illustrious representative. Mr. GLADSTONE is a Conservative conquered by Liberalism, but still a Conservative. Oxford is still as strong in him as it was, but it is Oxford of the modern type, and Oxford at its best. That, however, in which, besides his genius, Mr. GLADSTONE rises superior to most University Liberals—his sympathy with the masses, his desire to do things on a large scale and in a bold way, his freedom from the speculative cynicism that thinks no cause true enough to be advocated

and no measure good enough to be worth carrying—makes South Lancashire more suitable to him than Oxford could have been even if his Oxford supporters had been strong enough to have given him a sure seat, instead of always keeping him balancing on the edge of a razor.

What gave accidental importance to Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches to his new constituents was, that he was the first candidate with sufficient position and knowledge who examined in detail that theory of the last Parliament, and of the position of the Ministry in it, which the Conservatives have put forward at the elections with more or less boldness. The Conservatives have concentrated their attack upon an unfavourable review of the finance of the last few years, and Mr. GLADSTONE was more bound than any other man in the kingdom to show the true way of replying to them. Put shortly, the Conservative theory was this:—The Government can scarcely be said to have had any financial success at all, for it has only taken off taxes that it put on. So far as it has had any success, this has been due rather to measures which the Conservatives themselves would have proposed and carried, or it has been due to pure luck. No subject could have better suited Mr. GLADSTONE; for he was at home in the figures, he knew exactly how to put statistics so as to overpower and overawe his audience, and he had the great and inspiring gratification of winning a personal triumph over Mr. DISRAELI. To the statement that the taxes which the Government boasted of taking off were its own creation, Mr. GLADSTONE answered that the Government was obliged to put them on because Lord DERBY's Government had committed the country to an immense investment in useless wooden ships, which it called the reconstruction of the navy, and to useless and expensive hostilities against China. The true way of stating the case would, therefore, be to say that the Government had dexterously repaired the evil consequences of the blunders of its opponents. But if there had been present at Liverpool such a person as an impartial auditor of Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquence, he might have reflected that, although this may have been a good answer to the Opposition, it did not really justify the Ministry in taking much credit to itself. For, according to Mr. GLADSTONE's own showing, the causes which increased the national expenditure at the beginning of the career of the present Government were accidental and temporary, and have now ceased. The financial success of the Ministry would thus mean that they have spent less ever since they have not had occasion to spend so much. On his next head, Mr. GLADSTONE was more entirely convincing. Mr. DISRAELI has had the hardihood to say that there is no credit due to the Ministry for having negotiated the French Treaty, for he was always in favour of the French Treaty himself, and only objected to those provisions in it which were wrong. The provisions in it to which Mr. DISRAELI and his supporters objected, as a matter of fact, were the agreement to permit the exportation of coals and the stipulation for the admission of French silks into England. Without these, Mr. GLADSTONE says, and is entitled to say, there would have been no French Treaty at all. If the treaty was a bargain, the bargain could not have been entirely on what, according to Protectionist notions, is our side. It is also too much for Mr. GLADSTONE's patience to hear Conservatives say that they would have done exactly as he has done wherever he has done rightly, when he remembers the long struggle with them on the Paper-duty. They might say that they thought the remission of the duty a mistake, but they do not. They tacitly approve now of what was done; and it is exasperating to hear them say, by implication, that they were always in favour of penny papers. It is also going rather far to assert that the Ministry has had any special luck. Every English Ministry has the luck of governing a thriving, enterprising, commercial community. But the last six years have not been marked by anything exceptionally fortunate. If there have been good harvests,

there have been bad; the Cotton famine has been a great trial to the country; the reconstruction of the navy and the Chinese hostilities have been expensive to every one, as well as singularly annoying to Mr. GLADSTONE. It would be quite untrue to say that the last six years have been a time of any great financial difficulty; but they have been years in which good financial management has contributed to the national prosperity as much as it is ever likely to contribute in times of peace, and since Free-trade has been accepted once for all.

Mr. GLADSTONE had also this special advantage—that he alone, among the leading members of the Ministry, was able to give an intimation of the future course of the Government, as well as to glorify its past conduct. No other leading member of the Ministry sits in the House of Commons, except Lord PALMERSTON, and Lord PALMERSTON is more inclined to review the past, which he knows will be connected with his name, than to speculate on the future, with which he may have very little to do. Mr. GLADSTONE is in that position that he can very nearly dictate what, in the immediate future, the Liberal party shall or shall not try to carry. He may possibly himself spoil the chances of any measure he proposes, but he will be sure one day to have an opportunity of proposing whatever he likes to take his chance of carrying. He is, in the first place, ready to support a Reform Bill, if only the nation shows an unmistakable desire for a Reform Bill, and if there is good reason to suppose that it would be carried if proposed. This is not saying much, for any Liberal Minister would go so far as to say that he would support a Reform Bill which was ardently wished for, and which he could be sure to carry. But although Mr. GLADSTONE got out of his old trouble about the abstract right of all men to vote who were not ascertained to be unfit, by taking refuge in the philosophical enigma that what he believed in was abstract rights which circumstances might entirely modify, yet he said enough in favour of the claims of the working-man to encourage ardent Reformers to look on him as their leader, and to persuade them that he would take them up if they did but show him they were worth it. He also gave hopes that further retrenchments in the national expenditure would be possible if representatives were returned who really desired a reduction, and were as unlike as possible to Sir JOHN WALSH, who told Mr. GLADSTONE that in his opinion we ought to spend twice as much on the navy as we do. But there was nothing new in either announcement. A vague attachment to Reform and a vague desire for retrenchment are part of the programme of every Liberal candidate. What Mr. GLADSTONE meant when he said that he was now “unmuzzled” became much more apparent when he touched on questions where the muzzle had been put on by his late constituency. He now announces his conviction that the borders of the University of Oxford should be enlarged, and he thinks that something may be done to help Oxford to go forward on the noble mission which the ALMIGHTY has assigned her. No one ever talks of the noble mission of Cambridge, but we suppose that Cambridge also has a mission in a quiet way, and will be at the same time encouraged to fulfil it. The Church, too, will be taught, under Mr. GLADSTONE's guidance, to see that her true policy is to ask for no artificial protection against other sects, and everything makes it probable that some of the old familiar bulwarks and buttresses which we have heard of so often are now in more danger than they have ever been before. The valuable buttress of the Roman Catholic oath is evidently threatened most seriously, for the muzzled Catholics have not unnaturally turned against their muzzlers, and Mr. GLADSTONE's election will probably prove to have been in a great measure owing to the aid which Lord DERBY unintentionally gave him.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

THE new Parliament differs from the last in the acquisition by the Government of a more decided majority. Lord PALMERSTON will find the wheels of business run smoother, and sometimes he may perhaps regret the lessened efficiency of the break. There is a great convenience in pointing out to eager supporters the insurmountable obstacles presented by a strong Opposition, and there are a few occasions in which defeat is not necessarily disadvantageous. Lord PALMERSTON was saved by his opponents from a collision with the House of Lords in 1860, and from the onerous duty of maintaining Lord WESTBURY in office at the close of the recent Session. It will now be evident that, if the Government declines to propose popular measures, it will not be excused by its weakness in the House of Commons. In 1857 and 1858 Lord PALMERSTON experienced the inconveniences of an irresistible

majority on his side. In spite of the coalition of Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and Mr. COBDEN, with Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI, he had scattered his enemies to the winds at the general election, and he had driven some of his principal antagonists from the House of Commons; yet, before twelve months had elapsed, the same combination drove him from office, for the purpose of placing Lord DERBY in power. Mr. GLADSTONE is now inside the Cabinet instead of outside, but his activity may perhaps still be embarrassing. As some of the more thoughtful candidates have lately said on the hustings, the destined work of a Parliament is seldom the same which it was elected to perform. New questions will rise into importance, and unforeseen events at home or abroad may probably cause fresh divisions of opinion. The last Parliament was pledged only to pass a Reform Bill, and it is not impossible that, although no measure of the kind is at present contemplated, the question may be settled before the next dissolution. At present the advocates of a 6l. franchise form a minority, even if all the members who professed to accept the plan were disposed to give it active support. On the other side, fancy franchises, lateral reform, and the deliberate representation of minorities have fallen for the time into abeyance or disrepute. It may, under certain circumstances, be expedient to counteract the force of gravity, but there is no use in trying to make it act in a horizontal direction. The sole pressure which is likely to produce Parliamentary Reform operates downwards, and not sideways.

Few prominent members of former Parliaments have been deprived of their seats, but Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE will be missed below the gangway. It is almost necessary that the House of Commons should contain a certain number of political malcontents who make it their duty on all suitable occasions to tell their own party unpleasant truths. Officious investigators of motives alleged that Mr. OSBORNE was discontented because he was not replaced in office. Whatever might be his reasons for criticizing the Government, he was often in the right, and he was always lively and amusing. Mr. ROEBUCK remains to perform a similar function, and Mr. HORSMAN, and perhaps Mr. LOWE, will watch with useful vigilance any tendency, on the part of the Cabinet or of individual Ministers, to indulge democratic propensities. Although the rejection of two of the Liberal representatives in Berkshire may be correctly attributed to local and personal considerations, yet the absence of Mr. WALTER from the new House of Commons has a significance which is greater than the position—which, however, was not an inconsiderable one—which he occupied in the last Parliament. If it were safe to judge of public opinion from the acts of any single constituency, the re-election of Mr. HORSMAN at Stroud would seem to indicate a growing disinclination to organic change. No member has more vigorously denounced all the measures of Reform which have lately been discussed in Parliament, nor can the electors of Stroud have forgotten that their representative opposed the famous Budget of 1860, and especially the repeal of the Paper-duty. It was on Mr. HORSMAN's motion that Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT undertook to propose the outlay on fortifications which was noticed, with un concealed disapproval, by Mr. GLADSTONE in his speech at Liverpool. It is highly desirable that independent members like Mr. HORSMAN and Mr. LOWE should be loosely attached to the compacter phalanx of either of the great parties. There are, indeed, only a few members for whose political existence it is impossible to find a justification or an excuse. Mr. WHALLEY is, perhaps, the only phenomenon in the House of Commons which is entirely unaccountable. Peterborough is not a town of great importance, though it has a fine cathedral and several railways; but many of the electors must be able to read and write, and it is impossible to understand their preference for the notorious author of the No-Popery speech at Brighton, unless they admire his success in making extreme Protestantism ridiculous and odious to the House of Commons.

The mixed returns of some of the largest towns are surprising, and perhaps instructive. Although the metropolitan boroughs have, without exception, preferred extreme Liberals, the unanimity has not been imitated by still more important city constituencies. Liverpool, which has long had one Conservative member, now returns two, although the numerous Roman Catholic voters there, as elsewhere, probably supported the Ministerial candidate. At Leeds Mr. BEECROFT was at the head of the poll, although Lord AMBERLEY's vacillations and retractations had been heartily condoned by his supporters, in consideration of the complacent dogmatism of his ultimate convictions. The election of Mr. EDWARD JAMES at Manchester expressed the determination of the independent and respectable classes to

reject the League of England, the domestic furnished combination and Mr. BRIGHT the last representative of Manchester, a great sentative returned head of as a status distinction. The def his active 1860; petty re the Era more a servative Liberal assailed.

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reject the insolent dictation of the Rump of the Corn Law League. There is no healthier element in the political life of England than the instinctive dislike of all parties to the domination of Clubs. The ex-Corn-Law League has furnished several illustrations of the aversion which similar combinations inspire. The friends of Mr. ABEL HEYWOOD and Mr. JACOB BRIGHT formerly contrived to turn Mr. JOHN BRIGHT and Mr. MILNER GIBSON out of Manchester, and at the last election they deprived their party of all share in the representation of South Lancashire. The Conservatives of Manchester have now prudently supported a pure Ministerialist in preference to a nominee of the League, although a great commercial town seldom likes a lawyer as its representative. The electors of South Lancashire have again returned two Conservatives out of three, placing one at the head of the poll. The pre-eminent claims of Mr. GLADSTONE as a statesman and orator have been fitly recognised by the distinction which separated him from his Liberal colleagues. The defeat of Mr. BLACK at Edinburgh is partly owing to his active share in the suppression of the Reform Bill of 1860; but there also appear to have been some of the petty reasons for dissatisfaction which are unintelligible on the Erastian side of the Tweed. Scotland is, however, more active in its Liberalism than England, for the Conservative hold on the counties which had counterbalanced the Liberal monopoly of the boroughs has at last been successfully assailed.

The personal superiority of members is, as usual, disproportioned to the numbers of their respective constituencies. Mr. BRIGHT is the only political leader of the highest rank who represents a great commercial town. Mr. FORSTER sits for Bradford, Mr. MILL for Westminster, Mr. GOSCHEN for the City of London, Mr. VILLIERS for Wolverhampton, Mr. MILNER GIBSON for Ashton, and Mr. ROEBUCK and Mr. HORSMAN for Sheffield and Stroud, while Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. HENLEY enjoy the position of county members. The list of members for petty towns and nomination boroughs is, at least, equally respectable. The annual increase of London exceeds the united population of Tiverton and Lynn; but Lord PALMERSTON and Lord STANLEY belong to the class of statesmen who are weighed and not counted. According to the poet, Burleigh House stands near Stamford town, but politically the converse proposition that Stamford is near Burleigh would be more to the purpose; yet the little borough may vindicate its privilege by contrasting Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Lord CRANBORNE with the delegates of many multitudinous constituencies. Sir GEORGE GREY, Sir CHARLES WOOD, and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER represent as many nomination boroughs in Yorkshire, and the sleepy market town of Leominster has chosen Mr. HARDY, perhaps to replace him by Mr. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD. It is doubtful whether Mr. LOWE, with his Liberal alliances and his anti-reforming opinions, would have found a seat in Parliament if he had not been fortunate enough to possess the confidence of the nobleman who is the constituency of Calne. Many nomination boroughs would form a scandalous anomaly; but three or four, if the seats are judiciously filled, may be readily tolerated. The small independent boroughs are more defensible in theory, and almost equally useful. A constituency of this kind has corrected a gross anomaly by returning Sir JOHN ACTON, one of the most accomplished, independent, and enlightened of English Roman Catholics; and it is highly satisfactory to find that the Isle of Wight has repudiated, by the return of Sir JOHN SIMEON, the coalition of Ultramontanist and Protestant bigots which was formed against the return of a Roman Catholic who was at the same time faithful to his creed and loyal to his country. Although some of Mr. DISRAELI's comments on the general election are questionable, he is fully justified in the opinion that a safe and judicious House of Commons has been returned. It is satisfactory to find that he would not have wished to be placed in office, except by an overwhelming majority.

EARL RUSSELL ON THE CONSTITUTION.

EARL RUSSELL is still watching over the British Constitution as he has watched over it for nearly half a century. He has just published a new edition of a little work on the subject written originally in 1820, and he has brought down his comments so late that it contains a quotation from the *Daily News* of last May. He tells us the history of the Reform Bill, and inserts an exact copy of "Lord JOHN RUSSELL's plan," which he informs us is "written on a sheet of writing-paper"—a disappointing revelation to those simple people who have hitherto thought that so great a man habitually uses illuminated parchment. Then follows a

summary of the great things done in Parliament since Parliament was reformed in accordance with this unpretending document, and an announcement of the principles which this greatest of constitutional authorities considers ought to guide the nation in framing a new Reform Bill. For Earl RUSSELL thinks that something in that way ought to be done soon, and takes the opportunity to explain that, when he said that he wanted to "rest and be thankful," he did not mean it. The difficulty to him is to comprehend how any one could think he did mean it. It was sufficiently obvious, he thought, without his pointing it out, that a traveller, when he has got to the top of the hill, "though he may rest his weary limbs, and contemplate for a time with gratitude and admiration the space he 'has traversed,' really intends to go up higher. All, in short, that Lord RUSSELL meant was to express the humble, grateful zeal with which he goes on and on, higher and higher up a hill after he has reached the summit. After this, it is encouraging to his readers to find from the next sentence that he is prepared to "drop metaphor." And if people would only get the sheet-of-writing-paper plan properly into their heads, and see how it has affected all subsequent history—and how, more especially, it has enabled its author to be always right about everything—they would easily see our foreign as well as our home policy in its proper light. Really, everything that has been done since the Reform Bill—at least if done by the Whigs, for the Tories have nothing to do with the sheet of writing-paper—has been quite right. Take, for instance, the conduct of the Government on the Danish question. Ought the Government to have given any tangible and effectual aid to Denmark? Certainly not, Lord RUSSELL answers. The Danes were not in a position to claim the support of England. They had put themselves entirely in the wrong. Some time before the death of the late King of DENMARK, Earl RUSSELL himself had written out a plan (most probably on a sheet of writing-paper) for putting everything right in the Duchies, and satisfying the Schleswigers, and the Danes, and the Germans, and everybody. Denmark actually rejected this plan, and very properly had to expiate at Düppel its blind and wicked folly. Such an example of the mode in which Providence is on the side of the strongest intellect makes it terrible to think of the consequences to England if Lord RUSSELL's present plan for a new Reform Bill is not adopted. It may make some difference that it is only in a book, and not on paper docketed in "my handwriting" and "Lord DURHAM's handwriting." But here the plan is fairly offered to us to take or reject, and England is very much in the same position in which Denmark was in the latter part of the late KING's reign. It appeared to the Danes as if the danger was not very pressing, as if the interference of Lord RUSSELL was uncalled for, and as if the plan was not very wise; but the days went by, the fatal moment came, the plan had not been adopted, and Denmark was justly, severely, awfully punished. Let us be wise in time.

Lord RUSSELL's plan is a very simple one. He is for household suffrage, or something very like it, but then he wants the present distribution of seats to remain. The true check on all the evils of one class swamping the others, of mob-rule and the triumph of pure democracy, is to keep up the small boroughs. There is something to be said for the plan, for undoubtedly men who ought to be in Parliament are now returned for small boroughs, and either could not get in for large boroughs or prefer the constituencies that are now willing to elect them. Mr. BARING, we are told, could not get in for the City, but he gets in easily for Huntingdon. Sir GEORGE GREY, with "his sound judgment and experience" in political affairs, has no chance for Northumberland, but finds Morpeth a very safe seat; and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, who is "*omnium consensu* well qualified to enlighten the House of Commons on any question of municipal or international law," finds a seat at Richmond, "a borough with 306 registered voters"—all in the pocket, it might be added, of a sound Whig. It is true that such boroughs are practically very convenient, and that if a new Reform Bill is proposed, the retention of small boroughs as a counterpoise to the vast swarms of electors in the great centres of population may be in some measure advisable, if it is feasible. But Lord RUSSELL has no notion either of the objections to retaining the present constituencies, or of the difficulty of persuading those whose influence alone can carry a Reform Bill that this sort of counterpoise to their ascendancy is to be tolerated. Other men's plans he can get rid of very easily. He denounces schemes for giving the rich a plurality of votes, and contrivances like that of Mr. HARE, as contrary to "good old English principles"—a ground of opposition which would equally well justify a Tory in refusing all Reform whatever. Old English principles have been

seen to be consistent with such enormous abuses that it is absurd to call them good, unless it has been carefully asked which of them are good, and why. Old English principles have protected, and perhaps still protect, Men in the Moon, and "Lambas," and Mr. WELLER's peculiar driving. It is a totally gratuitous assumption that, if a measure is good in itself, the English people cannot be made to see that it is good. All the great triumphs of Liberalism in England have been won by sheer argument—by men reasoning the thing out, and discussing till they came to the end of discussion. If the plan of giving a plurality of votes to the rich, which good old English principles sanction in municipal elections, could be advantageously applied in Parliamentary elections, and if this could be shown by argument, and people cared enough about the matter to din the right arguments into the public, there is no reason to expect that it would not be adopted practically. Protection was a good old English principle, and it has had to fade away before discussion, just as the good old English principle of muzzling the Roman Catholics is fading away before our eyes. If it is theoretically the very best arrangement which can be made that small boroughs should be retained, while every household in the country has a vote somewhere, those who find the small boroughs convenient have only to set themselves to work to prove this. But their task will not be so easy as they might hope if they did nothing but read Lord RUSSELL's book. Some small boroughs may be good, but others are very bad. It may be desirable that Lord ZETLAND or the Marquis of LANSDOWNE should have the power of nominating members of Parliament, and should transmit the nomination through certain persons called registered electors. But it is not at all a good thing that there should be small boroughs which are bought and sold in the London market, that there should be small boroughs which are under the dictation of the officials for the time being of a railway company, that there should be small boroughs where, at election time, the law is paralysed, and intimidation decides the day. Of all the attacks on the existing system that can be made, the attack on the small boroughs that are notoriously corrupt is the easiest to make, the most telling, and the surest to be made. If only such men as Mr. BARING, Sir GEORGE GREY, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL were returned for such boroughs, it might be comparatively easy to defend them; but the petitions to be presented to the new Parliament will probably show that the case for the small boroughs is not quite so strong as Lord RUSSELL imagines it to be.

But Lord RUSSELL has something much more specially his own to tell us of in discussing a future Reform Bill, and something about which he feels much more deeply, than the proposal to keep the small boroughs. He sees a danger which perhaps no one else has thought of, and he warns us solemnly against it. "There appears to me," he says, "a danger more pressing and more insidious than that of universal suffrage and democracy." A danger of this magnitude, a danger more than any which democracy can bring with it, is certainly worth knowing and guarding against. And this danger is that some sort of a new CHANDOS clause may, at the last moment, be treacherously invented and pusillanimously adopted. This is, Lord RUSSELL says, no imaginary danger. He drew up the plan of the best possible Reform Bill himself, as his sheet of writing-paper can show, and there was no CHANDOS clause in it. It might have been hoped that, with the real article on writing-paper to guide it, England would have been safe from a miserable thing like the CHANDOS clause. And yet, such is the contrariety of fate, there was a CHANDOS clause proposed and carried. If this could happen to Lord RUSSELL's plan it might much more easily happen to any one else's plan, and therefore he puts us on our guard. If we go further than is wise in the direction of democracy it will not much signify, for it will rather hurt the feelings of the Conservatives than otherwise; but if the Conservatives insidiously introduced any clause likely to benefit them, this would be truly painful. It is possible that those who advocate household suffrage or manhood suffrage would consider the scheme for the retention of the present small borough something very like a CHANDOS clause, and would take very good care that no bigoted old Tory with his appeals to good old English principles, like Earl RUSSELL, got it inserted. Not that Lord RUSSELL would much care. When once a man has got into his head a thoroughly simple view of politics, such as a persuasion that a petty Tory triumph is worse than the worst evils of democracy, he can soon comfort himself even when his plan is rejected. He has but to apply his test, and if he finds the Conservatives are unhappy enough, he wants no other comfort, and is sure things are going on admirably. Any one who read this essay, knowing nothing of Lord RUSSELL's history, and observed the smallness of mind, the childish vanity, the absence of any-

thing like thought or argument or connected reasoning displayed in it, might wonder how its writer ever came to hold a conspicuous position in England, to lead a great party, and help to determine for many years the policy of the country. But in the English political world a man who cannot write, and whose speculative thoughts are very rudimentary, may, if he has certain practical qualities and a large family following, not only win high office, but hold it creditably. He cannot be a great statesman. No one could possibly think that Lord RUSSELL has been a great statesman; but he may be, as Lord RUSSELL has been, a useful and successful politician. This very record of the history of the great Reform Bill, and this very discussion of the provisions of another Reform Bill, although in bad taste, slight, and trivial, yet show that Lord RUSSELL was from the outset a bold and determined man, that he kept well with a small set of friends and pushed them continually in the direction in which he himself wanted to go, and that he had the sense to see that reforms of various kinds were necessary for the country. This is not very high praise, but it is deserved, and therefore it may be fairly used to counterbalance the impression which this specimen of Lord RUSSELL's political writing might naturally produce.

THE COST OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

THROUGHOUT the war, the Government of the United States has kept its accounts with creditable exactness. A candidate for bankruptcy with a prudent forecast of judicial criticism could not have his books in better order. As the national debt grew from its minute beginnings up to its present formidable amount, every increase of the burden was duly set down and published with as much promptitude as our own quarterly returns of increasing revenue. During the war frenzy, it required no great amount of courage to proclaim to all the world the cost at which the contest was being prosecuted. The people and the markets of America became more and more buoyant as the load of debt increased. The pride of belonging to a country which could raise such enormous sums more than compensated for the inevitable consequence that the debt must either be paid or repudiated. "Two thousand million dollars of debt" was at one time a favourite sensation heading in the newspapers; but now that the excitement of war is over, and the debt is already about three thousand millions of dollars, and is still growing in spite of all retrenchments, the prospect begins to be regarded in a more serious temper. Counting the cost is a very sobering occupation.

The official figures are enough to alarm even an American. The accounts of the debt are made up to the end of May, and those of current revenue and expenditure down to the 1st of July. The ascertained debt was \$27,000,000., to which must be added about 60,000,000. for claims still outstanding, making an aggregate of nearly 600,000,000. The deficiency for the next year is expected to be at least 80,000,000., and in June, 1866, the Americans must therefore expect to have a still growing debt of something near to 700,000,000., of which all but about 100,000,000. of notes will bear interest. The greenbacks in circulation amount to 132,000,000., besides 50,000,000. of the new National Bank paper, and what remains of the issues of the old State Banks. Sooner or later, if order is to be restored to the currency, some considerable portion of this paper money must be redeemed in hard cash, and the interest-bearing debt proportionally increased. These figures show how the capital account of the Federal Government stands, independently of the obligations of the component States, some of which are sufficiently heavy. In itself, a national debt which is still less than the 800,000,000. which sits so lightly on our own shoulders might be contemplated without despair, but the true test of the burden is supplied by a comparison of the annual charge with the revenue of the country. The aggregate interest payable at the end of May was officially stated at 25,000,000. a year, or as near as may be the same as the annual charge of our own debt; but a very large portion of the actual debt has not yet been funded, and when this is done the ultimate charge from June, 1866, can scarcely be less than 40,000,000. To tell an American that no country in the world has as yet been able to sustain so heavy a burden might only elicit the retort that the United States have done and mean to do a great many things which effete old Europe would tremble to think of. And there is a vast amount of substance behind vain-glorious talk of this kind. It may be impossible to set a limit to the expansion of a people which gathers recruits from all the world, and has land enough and to spare for all who come. Still it is not difficult to look forward two or three years and form a

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tolerably safe judgment whether the re-united States can or will bear the burden of debt which they have undertaken.

The anticipated expenditure for the next year is 140,000,000*l.*, and the most extravagant estimate of the revenue falls short of 60,000,000*l.* In order to raise even this sum it will be necessary to continue all the heavy and vexatious taxes which were imposed during the war; and it will need extraordinary patience to submit to the indefinite prolongation of war taxes, with the consciousness that all this endurance is in vain, and that the national income has no chance of overtaking the expenditure. Additional taxation, now that peace has returned, seems almost out of the question, not only from the extreme unpopularity of such an attempt, but because there is scarcely room for another impost. Nor is there any great prospect of an increase of revenue much beyond the 56,000,000*l.* which was collected in 1864-5. Some revival of trade might be expected if the tariff were less obstructive; but the customs duties, even when reduced to their most productive point, will be quite high enough to check any rapid development, and if the decrease of 5,000,000*l.* experienced in this branch of the revenue during the last year should be recovered, that is quite as much as the most sanguine can expect for some time to come. It is true that the South will, in theory, bring new subjects of taxation into the Union, but it is obvious that no substantial revenue can be raised for some years from a people who have been deprived of everything and cannot even support themselves without Government rations on a large scale. Moderate growth year after year is the best that can be hoped for the income of the United States, and the problem of keeping down the interest of the national debt turns very much upon the question whether the naval, military, and miscellaneous expenditure can be brought and kept within a limit of about 20,000,000*l.* Unless this can be done, there seems no possibility of going on without continued loans. When it is borne in mind that the expenditure of the last year, independent of the charge for debt, was more than 200,000,000*l.*, and that the corresponding outlay in the first year of peace will be at least 100,000,000*l.*, it requires a lively fancy to conceive the possibility of a reduction to such a sum as 20,000,000*l.*

All experience teaches that the revival of industry and wealth, after an exhausting war, is seldom very vigorous at first; and in the case of a civil war, where the losses on both sides have to be made good by the same people, the pressure must be doubly severe. The recuperative power of a comparatively new country like America is undoubtedly greater than that of old and fully populated States, but, after every allowance for the energy which is the great virtue of Transatlantic communities, the picture which is drawn of the present condition of the country is by no means hopeful. The cotton industry, which in old times formed so important an element in the prosperity of the United States, is too much shattered and disorganized, by the devastation of war and the abolition of slavery, to recover itself for many years. So much cotton land has been thrown out of cultivation or diverted to other crops that, after a four years' blockade, the accumulated stores are estimated at not more than a third of one year's produce in better times. The substitution of depreciated notes for coin has seriously deranged trade in the North, but this is nothing to what the South is now suffering from the almost total disappearance of coin or currency in any shape. In the fertile Shenandoah Valley and the fine country about Atlanta, the destruction of produce, and of the means by which future produce is to be won, has been so complete that it is only by a lavish distribution of Government alms that the population can be saved from starvation. Other parts of the South are in almost as bad a plight. The difficulty of inducing some millions of emancipated slaves to work upon reasonable terms, even with some application of compulsion, is already bringing trouble, and threatens to bring more. Commerce throughout the South is so paralysed by the want of money that even the remnant of the old cotton can scarcely be brought to market. The railroads are in great part destroyed, and ordinary transactions, down even to such small matters as the payment of subscriptions for a newspaper, are conducted by barter, for want of coin. At the first recurrence of partial prosperity, litigation on an enormous scale is threatened between the former owners and the present occupiers of what were once flourishing plantations. Nor has the North escaped its share of the losses of war in men and money. According to official returns, 1,425,000 men have been killed or wounded on the Federal side alone, and perhaps at least half that number of the weaker party. The loss of trade is even more conspicuous than the loss of men. In New York the imports of the past year fell 50 per cent., after having previously suffered very heavy reductions

from the old peace standard; and though some recovery may be looked for, no effectual revival of trade can be expected without greater changes in the tariff than the state of the revenue can well admit. The export trade has suffered less, but, upon the whole commercial transactions of the country, a diminution of 36,000,000*l.* is recorded, even without making any allowance for the fact that values are now estimated in a currency worth one-third less than the old specie standard.

It is creditable to President JOHNSON's Administration that it is doing all that seems practicable to put new life into commerce. Every artificial restriction on dealings with the South has been swept away, and a partial reversal of the old protectionist policy is said to be in contemplation. But no amount of success that can possibly attend these prudent measures can restore equilibrium to the finances until the Government shall be in a position to reduce its standing army and navy nearly to the same modest proportions which were found sufficient before the civil war. The temper of the vanquished party must undergo a considerable change before anything like this can be practicable; and in the interval, however long it may be, the debt will go on increasing until the burden will be almost too intolerable to be borne. The financial recovery of India after the Mutiny is, on a much smaller scale, a parallel case, and it will be remembered that no effect was produced on the recurring deficits until the army was retrenched with an unsparing hand.

The frantic cry for a general subscription to pay off the existing loans by one spasmodic effort was thoroughly American, but the difficulty had outgrown expedients of this kind; and, if the debt is not to be repudiated, the utmost that the United States can hope to achieve will be to pay the interest alone, after the prosaic fashion of older countries. Whether they are capable of the enormous self-sacrifice which this unexciting policy will demand is something more than doubtful, and it is well for European investors that nine-tenths of the loan are still held by the Americans themselves. Many among them must begin to feel some misgivings whether the forced submission of the South is worth all that the struggle has cost.

ELECTION SPEECHES.

WITH the exceptions of Mr. DISRAELI, Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. LOWE, and Mr. GLADSTONE, few candidates have taken the opportunity of the election to propound elaborate expositions of their respective political theories. Mr. GATHORNE HARDY, in proposing a candidate for West Kent, illustrated the wisdom of the graduates of Oxford by comparing Lord RUSSELL to a barking cur who sneaked back to his kennel when a passenger resented his snarling. With equal elevation of thought and language, he described the Liberal party as a costermonger, dangling the carrot, Reform, before the donkey, which represents the people. Mr. HARDY probably intended to be comic, but, even if his jokes had been less dull, they would have been fitter for a taproom than for the hustings. An expectant Cabinet Minister and a member for the University of Oxford ought not publicly to call a conspicuous statesman a cur, nor ought he to describe the House of Lords as a kennel. Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquent and dignified oration at Liverpool completes the contrast between the winning and losing candidates. Mr. LOWE proposed Mr. BUXTON for East Surrey with the good-humoured cheerfulness of a member already secure in his seat, and only anxious for his friend. His touch, however, was lighter than Mr. HARDY's, and his banter was neither uncivil nor coarse. As the proposer of the Conservative candidate had referred to Mr. MILL's project of enfranchising women, it was fair to reply that, if the scheme were adopted, the Tories would command the votes of all the old women in the kingdom. As Mr. LOWE is at present the most powerful opponent of all possible Reform Bills, it may be supposed that the constituency of East Surrey is not peculiarly zealous in the cause. Mr. LOCKE KING himself almost apologized for the 10*l.* county franchise which bears his name, by reminding the electors that his proposal might be modified by fixing an intermediate amount of rental. There would be little objection to a 20*l.* county vote, if there were any real desire for change; but even the factitious support which has been accorded to Mr. BAINES is wanting to Mr. LOCKE KING. In agricultural districts, the concession of the franchise to small tenants would, if possible, increase the power of the landlords; and the farmers of the suburban counties are already too generally swamped by the villages and towns. It is perfectly natural that Liberal speakers at county elections should avoid, as far as possible, the question of Reform.

Conservative candidates, with an uneasy consciousness that they have less popular opinions to defend, have for the most

part borrowed Mr. DISRAELI's ingenious phrase of lateral reform. It would be unjust to accuse them of giving a stone when they are asked for bread, for their error consists in offering food, on the demand of a ravenous applicant, to decent bystanders who never professed to be hungry. Mr. HENLEY, who has on former occasions intimated his contempt for Mr. DISRAELI's theories of the distribution of power, avows or professes his inability to understand lateral reform, and his belief that, if any change were requisite, it would be expedient to pass at once to household suffrage. Such a measure would, according to Mr. HENLEY, be intelligible and final, on condition that it was coupled with the payment of direct taxes. As, however, the small householders are already powerful enough to secure an unjust exemption from the house-tax, it is scarcely probable that a larger constituency would accept an extended impost. Mr. HENLEY, however, is not singular in his preference of a household suffrage to the test of a 6*l.* rating. The best argument which has been employed in favour of Mr. BAINES's scheme was delivered at the North-West Yorkshire election by Sir FRANCIS CROSSLEY. It is satisfactory to find that a member who was chosen solely because he was a rich manufacturer of advanced opinions has acquired in the House of Commons a certain political education. Sir F. CROSSLEY truly remarked that, although 6*l.* would be the minimum, it would not be the average of rental. A voter of 9*l.* 15*s.* would be admitted under a 6*l.* franchise, and Sir F. CROSSLEY considered that the plan would, by a rough process, admit the best portion of the working-classes. For the claim of a vote as an inherent right Sir F. CROSSLEY expressed a feeling of contempt which would have done credit to a statesman or a philosopher. Universal suffrage and the rights of man are repudiated in the West Riding, though they may perhaps be popular in Birmingham. After living through another Parliament, Sir F. CROSSLEY will perhaps have outgrown a still larger number of the prejudices with which he entered on political life.

Lord ELCHO explained to the voters of Haddingtonshire his peculiar views on Reform. He has not yet arrived at the stage of certainty which would enable him to offer detailed projects, or even definite doctrines. His present recommendations are limited to the issue of a Royal Commission for the purpose of collecting electoral statistics. It would certainly be convenient to know the number of working-men paying 10*l.* rental, as well as the percentage which would be added by any special reduction of the franchise. It is only doubtful whether the machinery of a Royal Commission is necessary, as the Government could easily procure the information in a less formal manner. When the materials were collected, Lord ELCHO would find himself equally puzzled with his competitors in deciding on the next step towards Reform. It may have been gratifying to his constituents to be assured that they all knew Greek enough to construe *aristocracy* into its English equivalent of *government by the best*. Scotchmen are generally proud of their learning, but, except in theological matters, they never lose sight of common sense. Whatever may be the meaning of the Greek term, an English aristocracy, though highly respectable, is not admitted to be superlatively good. According to Lord ELCHO, the best gentlemen, the best shopkeepers, and the best workmen would constitute a model aristocracy; but in the meantime, as there is no ready method of estimating the comparative excellence of members of various classes of society, the eldest sons of Earls are kind enough provisionally to represent the true aristocracy of Haddingtonshire and Great Britain. Thoughtful politicians acquiesce in the arrangement without enthusiasm, but on sufficient or plausible grounds. A nobleman is not necessarily more meritorious than a virtuous carpenter, but he may sometimes be more safely trusted to defend property and social order. Another eldest son of a Peer thought it necessary to explain his reasons for not holding revolutionary opinions. His argument may have been convincing, but it was entirely superfluous, as he was bound over from his birth in recognizances which are amply sufficient to prevent a breach of the political peace. Further North, Mr. GRANT DUFF congratulates his constituents in the Elgin burghs on their freedom from the bigotry and folly which, as he virtually admits, are sometimes characteristic of Scotchmen. He probably represents the opinion of many Liberal members when he candidly avows a doubt whether Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord STANLEY will be the better leader for the party. If Mr. GRANT DUFF decides in favour of the more eloquent statesman, he confesses that he often differs from Mr. GLADSTONE, while he is generally ready to adopt every word which falls from Lord STANLEY. The accident of political connection practically solves the difficulty.

Some of the leading members of both parties have within the last few days appeared on the hustings either as candidates or as speakers. Sir CHARLES WOOD probably understood the tastes of Yorkshiremen in dwelling rather on the hereditary merits of the house of WENTWORTH than on the principles which the present heir of the family undertakes to support. Mr. EVELYN DENISON, properly avoiding party topics, approved of the Union Chargeability Bill, and, at the risk of offending Nottinghamshire landowners, he uttered a seasonable protest against the extravagant preservation of game. Sir FITZROY KELLY made a speech which was too long for the reporters, though not for the exemplary fortitude of a Suffolk assemblage. Imagination declines to follow him into an elaborate discussion of recent financial history, preferring to assume for the occasion that the overcharge on malt, through some mysterious operation of the Excise, is measured by five times or twenty times the amount of the tax. Mr. HENLEY told his constituents in Oxfordshire that the tax fell more heavily on the consumer than on the farmer; but, in general, Conservative candidates for the counties have urged, on agricultural grounds, the reduction or abolition of the duty. In Hertfordshire, Mr. COWPER, who was last year defeated by Mr. SURTEES on the special issue of malt, is now compelled to promise that he will vote for the abolition of the tax, though, as he explains, he can only urge the claim of his constituents as a local grievance. Every Minister understands the urgency of a member under pressure, who tacitly intimates his disagreement with the deputations which he introduces, and his disapproval of the votes which he is compelled to give. On other points Mr. COWPER spoke with manliness and intelligence, though the interest of the occasion naturally centred in the speech of Sir E. B. LYTTON. An able and eminent orator can secure attention even when he speaks of Denmark, and Sir E. B. LYTTON had the good taste to abstain from the unseemly language which has been used by Mr. HARDY and by obscurer politicians. As Mr. HENLEY dissents from the domestic policy of Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI, Sir E. B. LYTTON disapproves of their unreasonable opposition to the establishment of Italian unity and independence. The present election has so effectually disappointed the hopes of the Opposition that their leaders can well afford to express differences of opinion. It is true that Mr. DISRAELI is perfectly satisfied with the compactness and discipline which are to compensate for the diminished numbers of his party; but politicians in general would prefer a steady vote to the most ingenious apology for its absence. Those who are not anxious to see a change of Government will be inclined to agree with Mr. DISRAELI, that the Opposition is large enough, and at the same time not too large.

THE OXFORD ELECTION.

THE loss of Mr. GLADSTONE's seat at Oxford was from the first predicted as the probable result of the new Universities Elections Act. While the electors were obliged to come to the poll in person, the constituency being widely scattered, barely half the number voted. A large stratum was thus left unknown which it was reasonably presumed would be found mainly on the Tory side. Into this stratum Mr. DONSON's Act has pierced, and a strange regurgitation of obsolete and impracticable opinion has been the result. Mr. GLADSTONE has polled 500 more votes than he ever received before, but the hitherto unpolled element has yielded a far larger accession of strength to his opponent. Had he been well advised, he probably would not have encountered a contest for the University under the new system, but have made sail at once for another seat. The storm had been gathering against him for a twelvemonth, during which the proxies of the hostile mass were being sedulously collected into the hands of the wirepullers. But intellect never sufficiently trusts the indications of the foolometer. And, in truth, it is difficult to believe, till you see it with your own eyes, that men pretending to high education can be such mere party sheep as to put themselves blindly into the hands of utterly undistinguished and nameless managers, and allow them to turn out their proxies by the hundred on a table, as a boy would turn out sixpenny-worth of marbles. The infinite significance of cyphers is a lesson which statesmen have every day to learn to their cost, but it is peculiarly enforced by the circumstances of this election.

We have expressed beforehand our opinion as to the effect of an event which men of sense and eminence, of whatever shade of political or ecclesiastical party, provided they cared for the University, coalesced to avert with a unanimity which was the object of fatuous denunciation. We may therefore spare ourselves the trouble of a jeremiad. No harm

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has been done to Mr. GLADSTONE, who will be a more powerful man in the House of Commons as the representative of a great commercial constituency. Still less has any harm been done to the Liberals, the mass of whom, though as a point of honour and discipline they stood to their arms in the late contest, evidently acquiesce with perfect resignation in a defeat which seems to make Mr. GLADSTONE more entirely their own. But great harm has been done to the University, which of all constituencies in the Kingdom can least afford to have it said, with any colour of justice, that the taint of popular opinions and sympathy with the people is absolutely fatal in her eyes. Few people will take the trouble to analyse the majority and minority, and to weigh as well as to count. Otherwise it would be easily seen that it is not by the academical but by the non-academical element of the constituency that Mr. GLADSTONE has been turned out. He had an immense majority among the residents, and the list of his two Committees shows that not only almost all the academical eminence, but the great body of those who take any active interest in academical or literary matters, were upon his side. On the other side were the men whose names "are on the books," and no small number of whom were persuaded to put their names upon the books solely that they might give a party vote at this election. It was, in fact, a battle between the University struggling for its independence and the Carlton Club; and the University, for the time at least, has gone under the yoke.

It is equally unjust to point to this event as a proof of the imbecility of intellect in politics, and the superior sense of uneducated constituencies. It is not the intellectual, but the non-intellectual, and we may say the anti-intellectual, part of the academical constituency that has thrown out the most intellectual statesman of the time. The "dethronement of intellect" was actually one of the watchwords passed about on the occasion, though those who use it would see, if they could analyse their own wishes, that what they really want is, not the dethronement of intellect altogether, but the dethronement of first-rate intellect, and the enthronement of second-rate intellect in its place. What we have just seen at Oxford is, in fact, an example of the process by which, in the coarser democratic constituencies of America, intellect has been ostracized from public life. A man of cultivated and independent mind cannot fall in the course of his career to stumble at some letter of the party Shibboleth, and offend the prejudices of some section of his constituents or other, and perhaps those of several sections on different grounds. He is consequently set aside, and replaced by some mere slave of the crowd, or rather of the wirepullers who lead the crowd by the nose, and who, though the most contemptible of mankind, have thus in their hands the real power of the State. Intellectual Oxford produced Sir ROBERT PEEL. Sir ROBERT PEEL was turned out of his seat for the University; but he was not turned out by intellectual Oxford, nor was it intellect that took his place.

We cannot but lament, among other things, the final abandonment—for it must now be considered final—of the old rule by which a member for the University of Oxford, once elected, held his seat for life. It is a bad thing for the University, which ought to stand as much aloof from party as possible, to be dragged into frequent party contests, which are sometimes conducted by amateurs with as unscrupulous an eagerness, and consequently with as little accession of moral dignity to the constituency, as by any professional Corrook. But, besides this, the example set under the old system of electing a man of high character, and leaving him to be guided by his own conscience and his own sense of public duty, provided he kept the pale of honour, was a high one, and good for the House of Commons and the country. It is a pity that it has been destroyed. It is a pity for the Conservative party that a Conservative custom has been destroyed by Conservative hands. And it is a pity that it has been destroyed in a way which the nation in general will regard as a persecution of an illustrious servant of the State, carried on with an inveteracy and a bitterness which suggest the influence of something stronger than public animosity, and which happily are rarely exhibited in the generous though boisterous contests of English public life.

M. MAZZINI AND CÆSARISM.

THE doctrine of the authority of genius which is apparently maintained by the Imperial author of the *Life of Cæsar* has been impugned by a vigorous assailant in the person of M. MAZZINI. The veteran Italian agitator, as is plain, bows down neither before CÆSAR nor Cæsarism. He disapproves of the great Roman captain much, but he disapproves still more of

the opinion that nations are to follow a CÆSAR about like spaniels, on pain of being pronounced ungrateful to Providence and blind to the interests of mankind. Emperors, however brilliant and taciturn, are not illumined specially from on high; still less are they exempt from the control of that moral code by which humbler persons are bound. It is, indeed, natural that M. MAZZINI and the Emperor of the FRENCH should differ as to the heavenly mission and supremacy of the Imperial purple. The one conspirator has lived and plotted in the shade. The other has climbed out of the shade on to a throne, and now surveys his former companions from the breezy level of the CROMWELLS and the CHARLEMAGNES. This diversity of fortune and of opinion is illustrated by the divergence between the Imperial and the Mazzinian estimate of CÆSAR. M. MAZZINI, breathing out the spirit of Leicester Square, considers JULIUS CÆSAR at best a miserable failure. He achieved no great and startling revolution in favour of liberty and progress. He represented no idea save that of personal egotism and adventure, and introduced no new and salutary element into the civilization in the midst of which he was born. He hastened the last hour of Roman liberty, and only anticipated a little the barbarians. He left undisturbed the system of large proprietorships—Italy's mortal disease. Under his régime, triumphs, naval exhibitions, and gladiatorial shows intoxicated the populace, but they still remained the old, hungry, idle, and degraded class that he had found them. In a word, Rome was expiring when CÆSAR rose, and CÆSAR let her expire.

The prostrate body of CÆSAR seems destined to exhaust all the vicissitudes of good and evil fortune. BRUTUS and CASCAS stabbed him. MARK ANTONY buried him. NAPOLEON III. dug up his bony historical skeleton. MAZZINI has now carried him off to the tomb and buried him again, trampling with patriotic ejaculations upon his grave. In order to render his memory indisputably odious, M. MAZZINI does more than this—he fastens the horrid name of Cæsarism for ever upon the particular political heresy which is involved in the French Emperor's panegyric. While such a controversy over a dead man's character is raging, historical criticism may retire into the background, for historical criticism is the last thing wanted. The final lot of great conquerors, as JUVENAL reminded us long since, is to become the subject of declamatory boyish contest. Alternately blackened and whitewashed, CÆSAR, CROMWELL, NAPOLEON, and a crowd of illustrious shadows, serve as ghostly pegs on which to hang the praise or the dispraise of a modern theory or principle. For many years, English Whigs and Tories disported themselves over the remains of CHARLES I. and the LORD PROTECTOR. The Church of England, in a moment of pious weakness, went almost so far as to canonize the former; Mr. CARLYLE and modern opinion have set the latter on his legs. What the STUARTS have been so long and so successfully to University debating clubs, CÆSAR has become to Imperialists and Liberals abroad. The Emperor of the FRENCH may therefore be pardoned if, as an honest partisan of Imperialism at home, he draws a slightly flattering picture of one who, had he been a Christian, might have been the NAPOLEONS' patron saint. On the other hand, it is merely a venial Republican error if, in summing up what CÆSAR has or has not been to Rome, M. MAZZINI steps with half-shut eyes over the famous JULIAN laws; treats Rome's great Consul as if he had never attempted to do anything to heal Rome's factions, to raise and employ her poverty-stricken poor, to cultivate and people her territory, to strengthen her frontiers, to put down corruption in her government, and extortion in the government of her provinces; and if, moreover, he forgets, by a curious lapse of memory, to take into calculation that CÆSAR was cut down in the middle of his career, when he was only fifty-six years of age.

But, laying aside historical considerations of this or that man's parts, M. MAZZINI's dislike of Imperialism itself is shared by many sober-minded persons who have little else in common with the ex-Triumvir of Rome. As a permanent institution, Imperialism is thoroughly rotten and indefensible. The system deprives of political privileges those who are fit to use them, while it does not educate for political life those who are as yet unfit. For the upper classes it is deprivation; for the lower, stagnation. Such is the least price a nation pays which accepts and follows an Imperial master. Sometimes, indeed, the price is greater. A showy and expensive foreign policy, military expeditions which lead to no profit and to only qualified glory, an obscure if not a fraudulent method of national finance, systems of public works extravagant but not reproductive—such are some of Imperialism's besetting vanities. Those who criticize them with candour are reproached with their indifference to the many blessings that the Imperial Saviours of

Society are supposed to bring with them in their train. NAPOLEON III. himself would say that, like the Jews, such critics "crucify their Messiah." Upon the other hand, M. MAZZINI, with an exile's prejudice against Crowns, lays it down as a moral law that Imperialism never represents the ideas of progress or civilization. History, as a rule, is written by the classes which are in every age the champions of individual liberty, and the natural and implacable enemies of all the CÆSARS. AUGUSTUS rules LABIENUS with a rod of iron, but LABIENUS holds at his mercy the future fame and credit of AUGUSTUS. Literature has accordingly revenged itself upon the world's great despots, by darkening the colours in which she dips her brush as soon as she begins to paint their portraits. In spite of this, if we study the portraits closely, we usually have reason to think that the world's CÆSARS have not been so black as it has pleased history to paint them. Since the attributes and tendencies of Imperialism were first delineated, more than two thousand years have passed; and, after all this lapse of time, Imperialism still appears the same. Its task is still to bridge over and to build across the gulf that separates conservative and revolutionary ideas. It tramples out the dying embers of old régimes, and holds the ground till a new régime has become orderly and powerful enough to take it. When M. MAZZINI tells us that the First NAPOLEON only embodied the abuses of the past, and that with NAPOLEON "died the initiative of France in Europe," he is simply misrepresenting facts. NAPOLEON I. began his political career by collecting and engraving on the national institutions of France the vague and scattered principles of the French Revolution. He had not finished his work when he was diverted from it by splendid schemes of war, which lasted him the rest of his reign. But though France would have gained more if NAPOLEON had given her fourteen years of peace, she would have lost a great deal if she had never had a NAPOLEON at all. Were M. MAZZINI right, Napoleonism in France would be nothing but a system of self-assertion. His hypothesis is open to the formidable objection that it does not account either for the immediate success of Napoleonism or for its vitality. If Imperialism has no broader foundation than self-confidence and egotism, why does it not topple over in a day? The explanation is as old as the time of HERODOTUS and PLATO. Cæsarism seldom obtains the suffrages of the educated classes, except occasionally at a feverish crisis of national panic and agitation. But it obtains the suffrages of the people, because it promises to earn, and sometimes does actually earn, them. When the great masses of a nation have been misgoverned or oppressed—sometimes when they are only misguided—at last a favourable moment comes, and they rebel. But they have neither capacity nor taste for political life, still less for the labours and dignity of office. They choose out some representative man, and entrust to his hands all the power and prestige, in the belief that he will look to the material interests of those upon whose shoulders he is carried to the throne. Such is the historical account of that over-abused personage, the ordinary Greek "tyrant." Two thousand years have improved or modified the conditions of society and politics, but the Greek "tyrant," in his origin, his promises, and his performances, is not altogether unlike the modern personification of Imperialism.

M. MAZZINI's account of Imperialism is, then, both inaccurate and inadequate. But it is also open to the more serious charge that he nowhere points out the prominent evils of the system he assails. That the educated classes should be destined always to be its bitter foes is clear and reasonable. Why are the lower orders bound to dislike it? M. MAZZINI hardly explains this properly. He goes off into a sentimental argument that nations ought to work out their own salvation in a collective way, and not to trust their salvation to individuals. This is not only far-fetched and obscure, but is not unimpeachably true. If a shoemaker has no time or ability to assist in legislation, why may he not, once for all, choose an autocrat to make laws for him—just as he chooses a member of Parliament—and then retire contentedly and securely to his leather and his last? Why must the shoemaker give up time and money for the sake of clumsily working out his own political salvation, whatever that may mean? A more fatal and more tangible objection to Cæsarism—an objection which ought to deter the working-classes from assenting to it—is that the theory provides no peaceful and safe means of ridding the nation of an objectionable CÆSAR. The position of a CÆSAR is, on the one hand, a dangerously tempting one. It is so easy for him, instead of governing well, to govern showily, and to prefer being a demagogue to playing the part of a true statesman. On the other hand, a CÆSAR is to his subjects what the Old Man of the Sea was to SINBAD. Nothing but an earthquake

will shake him off. Despotism is, on many accounts, bad, but it is obviously bad in this, that it can only be "tempered" by revolutions.

MR. DISRAELI AT AYLESBURY.

MR. DISRAELI frequently makes discoveries, which however are only of the verbal or rhetorical kind. They suit his purpose in puzzling or astonishing his hearers, and probably they at the same time satisfy his intellectual conscience. A brilliant speaker and ingenious thinker does not like either to talk simple nonsense or to utter transparent and feeble fallacies; and an epigrammatic generalization, even if there is little or nothing inside, never sounds like twaddle. Truth can always be expressed in formal propositions, and Mr. DISRAELI assumes that, conversely, well-constructed propositions may be supposed to embody truth. At Aylesbury he apologized for his own abortive Reform Bill on the ground that it had induced people to consider the question, and consequently to form definite opinions on Reform. "I hold," he said, "that it is the duty of the people, on such subjects as the distribution of political power, to have definite opinions. These may be the opinions of gentlemen on my right, or they may be the opinions of gentlemen on my left; but as long as there are clear and definite opinions on such subjects the country is safe, because truth is the child and creature of discussion, and there cannot be discussion without thought and knowledge. What I want therefore is that there should be opinions on these great questions." First, Reform is to be discussed for the purpose of forming definite opinions, and then definite opinions are to be utilized by serving as materials for discussion. It is quite unimportant whether the opinions are right or wrong, for, as long as they are sufficiently definite, the country is safe. There never were more definite opinions than those which were respectively held by the Royalists and by the Republicans in the French Revolution. The gentlemen on the left could scarcely be more positive than the gentlemen on the right, but they were strong enough to cut their heads off, or to banish them from France. It must be admitted that in modern England opinions are considerably less definite. It would perhaps not be unfair to assert that Mr. DISRAELI's own opinions as to the expediency of Reform are in the highest degree vague and unsettled; for no Buckinghamshire elector can have ascertained from his eloquent phrases whether he thinks that the Parliamentary system should be readjusted or not. The best excuse for oracular responses is that it is in better taste to mystify an audience by talking over its head than to condescend to its capacity. A freeholder is naturally flattered when he is told that he ought to have a definite opinion about something which is mysteriously adumbrated as the distribution of political power.

The next proposition which Mr. DISRAELI undertook to establish consisted in a vindication of the Established Church, not only from the charges of its possible opponents, but from the sceptical imputation that its existence is not at present practically in issue. He entreated his constituents not to be led away by the superficial and false observations of journalists and Ministers on the hustings, who pretend that nobody is attacking the Church, and that therefore it is absurd for any one to defend it. Such disbelief is an insult to the Conservatives, who, in the person of their leader, assert that the Church is in danger; and it is also an insult to the extreme Liberals, who, as Mr. DISRAELI justly believes, would endanger the Church if they could. The earnestness of the appeal indicates a consciousness that labour has lately been wasted in the process which is sometimes figuratively described as spurring a dead horse. The Church is of course always contingently in danger, because it is possible that Dissenters and other enemies of the Establishment may hereafter acquire increased political power; but for the present, there is not the faintest agitation against tithe rent-charges or cathedrals, or even against bishops. Three-fourths of the assailants of Church-rates profess, with more or less sincerity, a belief that the fabrics of churches would be more effectually maintained by voluntary contributions. Mr. DISRAELI, who sometimes dips into history, has revived an ancient clamour which had served the purpose of the Tory party in the days of Queen ANNE. The device was then so thoroughly hackneyed that, in his argument against abolishing Christianity, SWIFT introduces with affected hesitation his belief that one of the consequences of such a change would be the same which Mr. DISRAELI more openly deprecates. "I am aware," says SWIFT, "that the alarm has been so often raised that it is naturally disregarded, but I confess my fear that if the Christian religion were abolished the Church

"itself might be in danger after the fact into partitions attempts of from great and of Ch revenue and

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"itself might be in danger." When the Conservative party is in danger of finding itself in a minority, it is convenient, after the fashion of traders in difficulties, to take the Church into partnership. Mr. DISRAELI properly denounces the attempts of Ministerial speakers to divert public attention from great questions of the distribution of political power, and of Church and State, to secondary topics of taxation and revenue and general prosperity.

It is not to be supposed that any kind of political inquiry presented insuperable difficulties to the accomplished orator, but unluckily three or four successive Budgets have displayed a considerable surplus, and it is impossible to deny that several millions of taxation have been remitted. Knowing the irresistible tendency of mankind to feel gratitude to visible and proximate benefactors, Mr. DISRAELI judiciously admitted that it was just or convenient to allow a certain amount of credit to a Government which has coexisted with a prosperous condition of affairs. The Conservative party repudiates the dark plots against the Constitution in Church and State which had been previously denounced, but its leader is not unwilling to prove that in finance he would have coincided with Mr. GLADSTONE's policy, though he would have been at the same time more prudent and more daring. As Mr. DISRAELI pledged himself, when in office, to repeal the Paper duty, it was necessary to allow that the measure was expedient; but its proper author would have so contrived the change that the Chiltern valleys should at this moment have been busy with a pleasant and profitable industry which has almost disappeared from Buckinghamshire. If the Government boasts of its French Treaty, Mr. DISRAELI answers that in 1842 he proposed some similar arrangement from the back benches, and that the Free-traders taunted him with his obsolete opinions, while Sir ROBERT PEEL held that the prospect of a treaty was too brilliant to be realized. The reduction of the Tea duties was moved by Mr. DISRAELI as an amendment to the Budget of 1861, and he forgot to state that the adoption of his measure would have doubled the deficit which he had justly imputed to Mr. GLADSTONE. In general, it is perfectly true that the revenue would have expanded under any Administration, and that the selection of taxes for repeal required no extraordinary skill. Mr. DISRAELI corrected a popular error by explaining that the total diminution of the Income-tax by the present Government only amounts to a penny in the pound. Mr. GLADSTONE found it at fivepence, and within a year he raised it to tenpence, not without threats of fixing the amount at a shilling. The rate had, in fact, been prematurely reduced by Mr. DISRAELI, with Mr. GLADSTONE's active support.

The best part of Mr. DISRAELI's speech was enlivened by good-humoured playfulness at the expense of his rival. The Long Annuities which expired in 1860 have seldom been mentioned in recent disquisitions on the triumphs of finance. Mr. GLADSTONE himself had discounted the approaching windfall in 1853; and, as Mr. DISRAELI pleasantly observed, every burdened interest had expected its share of the boon. His own account of the result is amusing and tolerably correct. "Mr. GLADSTONE took one million and made ducks of it; and then he took another million and made drakes of it; and the ducks and the drakes flew quacking about the House of Commons till we became ashamed of it, and ordered strangers to withdraw." It would not have been worth his while to complain more seriously of a policy which he would himself, if in office, have adopted in substance. The only method by which the finances could have been greatly impaired would have been a war with France, with Germany, or with America. Mr. DISRAELI was consequently anxious to satisfy his constituents and the country that he would have kept himself clear of all entanglements with Denmark or with the Southern Confederacy. Although his allies in the House of Lords are less prudent, it is probable that a Conservative Government would not intentionally have engaged in war; but as Mr. GLADSTONE is a more skilful financier than Mr. DISRAELI, Lord PALMERSTON is cooler and more experienced than Lord DERBY. Enlightened opinion inclines to the Liberal party, because, for various reasons, they make fewer blunders than their adversaries, and they are subject to less temptation. At the same time it is highly desirable that, even if the differences of opinion are small, there should be a strong Conservative party, under an able leader, to perform the indispensable functions of an Opposition. If, in the exercise of his proper duties, Mr. DISRAELI should find his way into office, there is no reason to apprehend any pernicious consequences; but when the speech at Aylesbury is compared with the speeches at Manchester and Liverpool, the moral difference is even more conspicuous than the intellectual and rhetorical inequality. With some defects

and with many eccentricities, Mr. GLADSTONE is the earnest and powerful promoter of a policy which commands his deepest sympathies. Mr. DISRAELI, on the other hand, invents clever arguments in support of fanciful theories, with the obvious purpose of increasing the influence of his party.

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY.

POLITICAL science is at present in an embryonic state; that is to say, in a state in which most people suppose that it does not exist at all, and many people think it heretical to assert that it ever will exist. It is true that the particular fragment of it known as political economy enjoys an exceptional and somewhat exaggerated prestige. Every penny-a-liner can talk about the inexorable laws of supply and demand, though he knows the meaning neither of law nor of supply and demand. The doctrine of free-trade has, during the last few years, received its canonization, and it would be as rash to refuse to pay it the proper worship as to assert that the sun turns round the earth. But outside these narrow limits there is scarcely any political theorem which meets with general acceptance. No principle can be laid down which can claim the assent of all parties. In default of any authoritative dogmas, there are a number of commonplaces current in the world, each of which passes for good coin amongst the party to whose opinions it is favourable. They are generally brought forward with great pomp, and prefaced by some such formula as "All history teaches," or "Since the days of Aristotle political philosophers have remarked." Sayings which have been at large about the world for so many years have probably something in them. Any proverbial form of expression has in its favour the presumption derived from its having passed into a proverb. But the great difficulty is in the application. It is generally half a truth, of which the other half is sometimes the most appropriate. The set of aphorisms with which aristocrats pelt democrats, about the tyranny of the majority and the many-headed monster, may be retorted by others, equally well-worn, about class legislation and the rights of man. The true meaning of these venerable saws can only be seen when they are fitted into some more comprehensive system, and their value cannot be duly estimated till that system has established its claims to validity. Living as we are at a period before the dawn of any accepted system, we must be content with proverbs instead of axioms; but the approach of clearer views is so far indicated that, if no science has yet been distilled from history, we are at least looking at history from a more scientific point of view. Some of the old dogmas already begin to have a strangely old-fashioned appearance. We know, for example, what to think of the once favourite doctrine that the decay of all nations was due to luxury, which would be a singularly unpleasant opinion at the present day. We have not yet, however, made such decided progress as to be out of sight of the old landmarks. People may still continue to invoke the authority of Aristotle, as it was invoked in questions of physical science before the modern era. A pamphlet has lately been published by a Mr. Tremenheere intended to bring back the disciples of modern politicians to the feet of their ancient masters. He says very truly that the inquiring working-man is frequently imposed upon by poor sophistries and strange perversions of principle. He has therefore prepared an extract of Aristotle, Polybius, and Cicero, to serve as a healthy and nutritious intellectual diet—a mental parallel to Thorley's food for cattle. His moral is that the franchise is proved "by the political experience of the ancients to be a privilege, and not a right." We do not wish to argue this point, which, as it seems to us, is rather a matter of taste; a privilege which people claim comes to be very like a right which they demand. But there is a preliminary objection to the whole method, which many people would be apt to urge. What have we to do, they would ask, with the political experience of the ancients? Those old gentlemen did very well in their day, but are their precedents binding upon us? Have not railroads, and electric telegraphs, and printing machines, and all the idols of the nineteenth century made any difference whatever? If we have not yet substituted for the old-fashioned teaching of the ancients anything much more worthy of the name of science, the progress of society has at least made much of their experience inapplicable. Mr. Tremenheere, as is natural, looks upon all this with contempt. He considers Aristotle to be still an authoritative teacher. A short account which he gives of modern opinion almost stops at Locke, whom he holds to be the parent of all those detestable heresies which have broken out in French revolutions and anarchy upon earth. A man who so completely condemns or ignores the great mass of modern speculation might do worse than pin his faith to Aristotle; but other men will demand that the ancients should at least show cause why their judgments should be held to be still in force. The meaning of the words "democracy" and "aristocracy" has gone through so many changes that the presumption would be rather against the continued accuracy of formulas involving them, even if those formulas were ever accurate.

Aristotle, it is said, founded his great treatise upon the working of upwards of two hundred free constitutions, and it has been argued rather hastily that he had thus a wider experience than modern writers. The fact is surely quite otherwise. Scientific history did not exist in those days, and he would consequently be unable to obtain more than a bare outline of facts, the true interpretation of which requires the application of many of the instruments of modern

criticism. But, putting this aside, there is a more fundamental difficulty. If England were cut up into fifty or five hundred separate little States, their history would probably supply less, instead of more, political experience. A man might observe the politics of Marylebone Vestry all his life and obtain less useful knowledge of politics than a week spent in the House of Commons would give him. If the country were a mere conglomeration of Marylebone Vestries, there would be absolutely no opportunity of gaining anything worthy the name of political experience. An experience derived from storms on hundreds of village ponds counts nothing in one storm upon the ocean; a man learns less from sailing in any number of fishing-boats than from a single cruise in a first-rate. As most of Aristotle's two hundred constitutions must have approached nearer to the type of the Vestry than to that of the British Parliament, it does not follow that any of his experiments would throw light upon the effects of a Reform Bill or Roman Catholic Emancipation. They were tried on too small a scale to be satisfactory. Accidental circumstances and the influence of individuals might entirely mask their effect. The attempt to gather any general principles from the observation of a larger tract of country and a vaster population, which is the only way of eliminating these accidental disturbances, would be perplexed, instead of simplified, by their subdivision into separate political systems. In trying experiments upon any heterogeneous material it is better to have it in a mass than in small parcels; because, in the last case, different results will ensue according to the difference of composition.

Such experience might indeed be valuable if it were true, to any great degree, that similar institutions produce everywhere similar results—if a democracy on a small scale generated the same qualities as a democracy on a large scale, as a pocket-pistol and a three-hundred pounder both fire off a bullet. But nothing can be less true. It is a commonplace to say that a particular constitution will only suit a particular country, as a given pair of shoes will only fit a given pair of feet. This is, indeed, a truth constantly lost sight of in practice, because it is a cheap method of being philosophical to indulge in generalities about constitutional monarchy or democracy, or some other convenient name. But the truths which can be predicated with any confidence of forms of government are rare, and apt to be superficial. Perhaps there are not many political institutions which are so new as to have no analogy in ancient times. The modern system of representation renders many old doctrines inapplicable, because it is a very different thing for the mass of the inhabitants of a single city to exercise sovereign power directly, and for the inhabitants of a great territory to elect, as they ought to do on the democratic theory, the ablest men obtainable to exercise power on their behalf; and many objections which apply to one system apply with very diminished force to the other. There would be many analogies between the working of the two systems if the societies upon which they operated were similar; but the number of such analogies is greatly diminished when the societies themselves are organized upon totally different principles. Thus, when we take away slavery, change the religious creed, and suppose the existence of the press, with a few other changes, it becomes difficult to find any assertions equally true of both, except of so highly general a nature as to become platitudes. It may be said that in all cases it is better to have intelligent rulers than stupid ones, that a mob is more fickle than an able ruler, and so on; but such aphorisms throw little light upon any practical question, and are almost as applicable to a debating society as to a government.

The truth seems to be, that these doctrines imply a method from which any very valuable results are hardly obtainable. It is scarcely possible, as Mr. Mill has shown, to apply the method of mere observation to politics. The working of the institutions criticized is so infinitely varied and complicated that we are unable to deduce many useful lessons from them. The history of trade we might have studied for years without drawing from it any intelligible theory of commerce; because we could never secure instances exactly in point, or which were not hopelessly perplexed by the interference of other conditions. This was specially true of the small and unstable States of antiquity. They were liable to many accidents which would hardly affect the equilibrium of modern societies. The influence of particular individuals could make itself felt with far more facility throughout their whole limits. A war might ruin the whole resources of a State, or a clever demagogue might get himself set up as a tyrant at a moment's notice. A legislator might mould the constitution of a State, and distribute its forces according to his will, without meeting those insuperable obstacles which would hamper his operations upon a larger scale. Any one looking at the surface of society would almost inevitably have his attention fixed upon the working of the mere political machinery, and attribute the merits or defects of the State entirely to the degree of its perfection. He would scarcely be able to observe the more important but less obvious action of those deeper general causes upon which the progress or decay of society at large depends. They can only be detected by the patient application of the method of which the only tolerably successful example hitherto is in the science of political economy.

It thus happens that most of the current political aphorisms are of little use to us in dealing with practical questions. Particular opinions about the advantages of special institutions generally break down by the alteration of circumstances. They are found to involve false analogies. Political analogies are as plenty as blackberries, and swarm in all histories and leading articles. They generally are fallacious from the simple fact that there is, after all,

some progress in human affairs, and that, consequently, history never repeats itself. The assertions which claim to be wider generalizations break down equally from their vagueness. They remind us of the small boy's analysis of the sermon; "this text teaches us that we ought to be good, and ought never on any account to be bad." We must for the present be content with a certain number of rule-of-thumb maxims about affairs as they occur, and wait for more general truths until the coming philosopher has elaborated his theories.

FALSE STEPS.

IT would be very interesting to know how many even sensible men over forty are free from a conviction that, at some point in the road of their lives, they have taken a wrong turning, and in how many cases the grounds of self-reproach would be found to be quite baseless. People often are fond of attributing to a false step a want of success that is really due to incapacity. A man persuades himself, for instance, that he might have been at the head of his profession if he had only adopted some other course than the one he actually followed at a certain stage in his career; when the truth is that, whatever course he had adopted, he could never have risen beyond the level of mediocrity. The reflection soothes his vanity and restores his self-esteem. For although the fact of having taken a wrong turning indicates in itself a deficiency of judgment, still everybody is ready to pardon himself for a weakness which he thinks is only temporary. To be able to trace the failure of a life to a single blunder permits one to believe that on all other occasions everything has been done to ensure success that mortal could do. We are naturally very lenient to ourselves if we can think that we have not lost our way more than once or twice, and that afterwards no pains or discretion have been spared in endeavouring to recover the lost ground. Ill-fortune bears the blame for all the rest. We did wrong, it is true; but then, if luck had not been incorrigibly hostile, the error would speedily have been repaired, and all would have gone on well. And, after a certain time, a man gets into the way of looking back even upon the false step to which he pleads guilty as something for which he was not altogether responsible. Just as people can go on telling an untrue story until they believe it to be true, they can in the same way go on ascribing all their ills to some one mistake, until at last they begin to forget that the mistake was their own, and to talk of it as they might be expected to talk of a blight that had descended upon them from the clouds. One sometimes hears men say that their obscurity and failure would have been exchanged for the most splendid distinction if they had only got a first-class and a fellowship at the University. At first they deplore the indolence or want of ambition which prevented them from working their way to the required position. But by the time they have reached middle life, the matter assumes quite a different aspect, and the missing fellowship which would have set them securely in the path of renown is thought about as a gift which the grudging gods had deliberately withheld from a deserving mortal. It is surprising how the lapse of time assists us in the pleasant process of divesting ourselves, as it were, of our own conduct. As years go by, we can acquire an amazing knack of looking upon past errors as things quite extraneous to our own individuality. The false step appears like some hereditary misfortune for which we are to be pitied rather than blamed, and which should be spoken of tenderly as we should speak of the fault of another. It may be surmised that the scourging enjoined by a father confessor is very lightly administered to himself by the penitent sinner, and, like the pilgrim who took the precaution of boiling the peas before placing them in his shoes, people of the most self-accusing turn of mind soon get the wonderfully convenient faculty of softening down their blunders before they lay much stress upon the dismal consequences which have ensued from them.

It is in provincial towns that you find the most liberal burdens laid upon the single blunder, the one false step. Everybody, we suppose, whom it has pleased God to condemn to live in such places looks upon his fate as more or less hard. Or, at all events, most of the conceited people who live in the country are given to fancy that they have missed their mark because they have never emerged from the obscurity of local success into the daylight of metropolitan fame. They never doubt their capacity to achieve the very loftiest distinctions in the arena where competition is most active, and where their rivals would be the ablest men in the kingdom. A person with a local reputation as a doctor, or a preacher, or even a mayor, will tell a visitor with mourning complacency that the one mistake in his career has been that he did not in early life seek his fortune in the great centre. Compliments on his eminent position, on his merited popularity, on the confidence with which he is regarded by his esteemed townsmen, only serve to make his regrets more poignant, as well as more profusely expressed, that his merits had not had a worthier field. If he had only done this or that which he had not done, perhaps he might have deserved the compliments which you are so kind as to pay him. The local doctor is quite sure that, if he had only been plucky enough to face the temporary difficulties which the London beginner has to encounter, he would by this time have been driving about Belgravia in a carriage and pair, and pocketing thousands of guineas per annum. He can always name the exact date at which he ought to have made the decisive move, and can point out with precision the reasons which

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prevented him from taking at its flood the tide in his affairs which would have led on to fortune. The popular parson of a provincial town generally repines, with equal bitterness, because he was such a fool in his younger days as not to feel a spiritual call to the great Babylon where Cabinet Ministers are supposed to listen to sermons and to select favourite pastors to fill up bishoprics. If he had only turned to the right instead of to the left, he might by this time have been Primate of all England. The false step, as he thinks it, has cost him the fame to which his powers entitle him, and left him stranded among the shallows of provincial glory and a too moderate income.

Then, again, a great many persons look upon their choice of a calling as the initial blunder of their lives. One man thinks that, if he had been a barrister instead of a doctor, he would have been certain of the highest success; another is equally sure that the stage or the pulpit is the only career in which his brilliant natural talents would have had fair play. And no doubt it is very true that men choose their professions, or have their professions chosen for them, without much regard to special aptitudes. But, in the majority of cases, there is no special aptitude which it would be worth while to consult. Most people would probably make just as good cobblers as tailors, just as efficient lawyers as doctors, just as persuasive parsons as members of Parliament. What they take for a false step is nothing of the kind, only it is consolatory to their vanity to think otherwise. There are men whose genius only lies in one direction, and, unless room is provided for its expansion in that direction, there is a pure waste of force. As a rule, however, the same qualities which make a man fail in one calling would cause him to fail whatever calling he had followed, and there is no reason to doubt the soundness of the old precept, *Optimum elige, suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo*. Of course the choice is sometimes not the wisest nor the most advantageous that could have been made. Still, even then, the error need not be classed among those fatally critical proceedings which make all the difference between a prosperous and a miserable life. There is perhaps one calling which deserves to be considered an exception. A man who has gone into orders, and found out afterwards that convictions and sentiments of all sorts are growing up in his mind which expose him to a peculiarly penetrating kind of obloquy from those around him, as well as unfit him for the effective and conscientious discharge of his duties, may well look back upon the day of his ordination as the point where he took the wrong turn. This, in such a case, is a genuine false step, and the person who has been so unfortunate as to take it may have to flounder about for the rest of his days among all manner of obstacles and impediments and general wretchedness. The better the quality of his mind, and the more honourably sensitive his conscience, the clearer is his perception of the blunder, and therefore the greater is the blunder itself.

It is a rather striking circumstance that the matter in which men and women most commonly take a serious false step is that which is least readily acknowledged. Probably about the most fatal blunder that anybody can perpetrate is a bad marriage; and, moreover, of all blunders this is the commonest. It is also one which the parties to it most carefully conceal from themselves. The reluctance which people feel to recognise, even in their own minds, an irreparable mistake such as this, is a measure of the sincerity with which they are willing to attribute ill-fortune to their mistakes in other pieces of conduct. Certainly, nobody can blame them for making the best of what is irretrievable. If a man finds that his wife is shamefully extravagant, or a great fool, or a shrew, he may be more than pardoned for trying not to see what a fearful burden he has been at the trouble to tie round his neck. And when a woman finds that her husband is a tyrant, or intolerably self-opinionated, or openly indifferent to her, she is right in making the best of her bargain. Where a real false step has been taken, everybody does all he can to make it as little mischievous as may be. When people are found bemoaning some one blunder as the cause of all their ills, instead of leaving the blunder to itself, we may be pretty sure either that they do not mean what they say, or else that their ills have been the natural results, not of one false step, but of a confirmed habit of mental staggering and stumbling. It is not so easy for a man to ruin his life by a single act. Marriage, however, is the most decisive and the easiest of such acts, if we may also include under the term those clandestine connections which can only be described negatively as *not marriages*. The man who marries without knowing more than the mere surface of his wife's character, or without having carefully counted the cost of bringing up a family, takes almost the one step in ordinary life which there is no power of retracing, and which may lead him hopelessly away from the kind and amount of success which he might otherwise have reached. The formation of those other unions to which Belgravian mothers profess their strong objections, apart from the moral aspect of such conduct, involves a set of obligations, real or fancied, the discharge of which may fetter a man for the remainder of his life.

The more common secret of want of success in life is a general tendency to let things drift. It is not so much the missing one opportunity, or the committing one blunder, as the lavish waste of all the forces and opportunities which in various shapes come within the grasp. The temper which permits such waste of a material that is never replaced may spring from indolence, or absence of ambition, or an intellectual incapacity of discerning what an opportunity or a force means. Plenty of men fail for all these reasons. But a still larger number fail for lack of a quality

which is neither industry merely, nor acuteness, nor an eager desire to get on, but a kind of vigilant tenacity, like that of the hunter after his prey. Such men break down in the race, or at least never get beyond a very humble goal, less because they have been tripped up by a stone or fallen into some unsuspected trench, than because they were comparatively destitute of vigour and concentration. They are morally halt and maimed to begin with. They have not the stamina which supports men under heavy weights and carries them well over a prolonged course. They can look seriously at the obstacles which are immediately in front of them, and can overcome them without difficulty, but they never think of the obstacles that lie a little way ahead, or at all events rather make preparations for shirking than for getting the better of them. Most men suffer much fewer and less damaging injuries from the actual false steps they take than from that timorous or incapable temper which makes them shamble slipshod through life, not knowing clearly whither they want to go, or how they are ever to get anywhere at all; contented or discontented with little, but in either case equally incompetent to make that little greater. It is the slovenliness of men and women which for the most part makes their lives so unsatisfactory. They do not sit at the loom with keen eye and deft finger, but they work listlessly, and without a sedulous care to piece together as they best may the broken threads. We are apt to give up work too soon, to suppose that a single breakage has ruined the cloth. The men who get on in the world are not daunted by one nor a thousand breakages.

LONDON SIGHTS.

IT is well that the inhabitants of town and country should now and then look one another up and enlighten each other as to what goes on under each other's noses. The Londoner is of all men the least tempted to go and look at the permanent sights of his own town. Of course nobody sees so thoroughly what is near him as he sees what is afar off; but the Londoner is still less likely to see what is near him than the countryman is. He does not lie under the same obligation of personally guiding strangers to see the lions—at any rate the permanent lions—of his own neighbourhood. This obligation it is which alone has strength to outweigh the great rule that what you can go and see at any hour of any day of any year you do in fact never go and see at all. The permanent London resident has not the same calls to visit Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's or the Tower which a man living anywhere else has to visit his own cathedral or castle or other local attraction. Many a Londoner would be much more likely to find out a change in St. Peter's at Rome than a change in St. Peter's at Westminster, or to miss the Castle of Chillon sooner than he would miss the "Towers of Julius." If any great mischief is done to any of the standing sights of London, it is much more likely to be found out by some one from a distance than by some one living hard by.

The sights of London must be seen once in a man's life. They are part of an Englishman's education. He can hardly count as an Englishman till he has seen the Abbey of Westminster and the Tower of London. The sight, early in life, of spots where so large a portion of English history has been done goes a long way to make English history a living instead of a dead thing. It is something to stand by the tomb of the great Edward, and to tread the ground which witnessed the captivity and the martyrdom of More and Fisher. There are plenty of other things which ought to be seen, but these two, the Abbey and the Tower, stand forth pre-eminent above all others. Let us, then, set forth the adventures in two different years of a father who holds an early sight of spots of this kind to be an essential part of a sound education. A visit to Westminster Abbey in 1862 was a real pleasure. The ancient abuses and abominations seemed all to have been swept away. Every one must remember the old miseries of a visit to the Eastern Chapels; how, as we have seen it put, the dead and the living were chained together by a Mezentian tyranny; how all study, all contemplation, was forbidden; how every one was driven by force of arms to keep within earshot of the gabble of an impertinent verger, and was at once called to order if he ventured to tarry in any spot a moment longer than was needed for the barbarian to repeat his formula. The ceremony was about as intelligent as the keeper's zoological lecture in Wombwell's menagerie, with the painful difference that the one could be escaped and the other could not. Nobody obliged you to listen to Wombwell's keeper; while he talked about the lion, you might, if you pleased, take a quiet look at the elephant; but you could not take a quiet look at the Chapel of Edward the Confessor while the inexorable cry of "Keep with the party" compelled your presence in the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. A Westminster verger seemed to be a creature unparalleled elsewhere, and to have been called into being purely for the annoyance of intelligent visitors to the Minster. Other vergers were sometimes bad enough, but they were all angels of light compared to their Westminster brethren. A verger elsewhere has often a sort of tact by which he discerns, and, on discerning, ceases to annoy, any one who is evidently engaged in an intelligent study of the building. Now and then he is a really intelligent man himself, and, without putting himself offensively forward, can give really useful information when he is asked. But a Westminster verger seemed to exist only for the hindrance of all rational examination of the Minster or anything in it. How the class struck a very unsophis-

ticated mind may be seen from the following. A worthy Welsh clergyman had business which took him to London for the first time in his life when he had passed the age of forty. Of course he saw whatever he had time to see. On coming home he told his adventures to a neighbour, no great Londoner himself, but who at least knew more of the capital than he did. "And whom do you think I found the most uncivil people in all London?" "Why the vergers, I suppose." "To be sure I did, but who would have thought it? I should have thought the cabmen would have been much more uncivil than the vergers." "Oh no, the cabmen will be civil enough as long as you pay them more than their fare, which I have no doubt you always did." Our excellent Welsh friend was not a scientific antiquary, and he probably listened with undoubting ears to such history as the vergers chose to tell him. But human nature, even in the mild form of a Welsh parson, revolted at being ordered about like a dog. Such, as most people may remember to their cost, was the state of things before 1862. In that happy year, however, all was changed; the millennium of antiquaries seemed to have set in. We forget whether anything had to be paid or not for a sight of the Eastern Chapels, but, if there was, the small sum of sixpence purchased the privilege of seeing and enjoying everything without let or hindrance. You could go up and down, in and out, pass by this object, study that object for an hour together, without being stopped or questioned or ordered about or commanded to keep with a party. The vergers themselves seemed transformed. Civility and a desire of knowledge appeared to have taken possession of their inmost souls. Instead of being lectured by them, you might, if you pleased, lecture them. Our friend whose experience we recount tarried to give a lecture to his daughter in the Chapel of the Confessor. A verger, posted there, not for annoyance but for necessary protection, came up to them, not to order them off, but to ask to share the benefit of the stranger's discourse. "I think, Sir, I heard you use the word 'apse'; I never heard the word before; would you be kind enough to tell me what an apse is?" Our antiquarian father of course duly explained the nature of apses to the edification of both his hearers, and went away, at once rejoicing that the Ethiopian had changed his skin and the leopard his spots, and wondering at the state of mind of a man who had sat so long in the noblest apse in England without finding out what an apse was.

Such was the happy reformation of 1862, which certainly did not, to those who enjoyed its blessings, at all suggest the idea that it was to be other than a lasting reformation. Judge therefore of the amazement of our parent, when he goes again three years after, in this present year 1865, hoping to give another child the same advantages as his predecessor, and finds that all the goodly work of 1862 has been undone. If he wants to see the Eastern Chapels, he must not only pay his sixpences, he must keep with a party. On his remonstrating and saying that a few years back he saw everything without party or verger or nuisance of any kind, the impudent official at once contradicts him to his face:—"It's quite impossible; you're quite mistaken." On his repeating that he was not mistaken at all, that he did so only three years ago—"Oh, that was the Exhibition year; that was exceptional." Our stranger now began to smell a rat. The change three years before was only to make a fair show in the eyes of foreigners. It would not have done to subject men used to the more rational and liberal arrangements of other lands to the annoyance and insult with which the mere native Briton must put up. However, he began to make the experiment of the existing system. Lingered one moment behind the mob, he was at once ordered on. He then turned away with his party, making the not unnatural remark that he wondered that a man like Dean Stanley allowed such doings. This being overheard drew forth the comment, "He has no more power here than you have"—an exposition of the law or custom of the Abbey the meaning of which we must leave to the verger to explain.

Now what has happened to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster that, having once put their hands to the plough, they look back after this sad fashion—that, after once being washed, they thus turn to their wallowing in the mire? We can understand a bad custom being kept on through sheer stupidity or sheer thoughtlessness; we do not understand the deliberate return to a bad custom after the temporary establishment of a good one. Any excuses about danger to the fabric, the monuments, &c., are of course ridiculous; what was safe in 1862, when there were many more visitors, must be safe in 1865, when they are much fewer. In 1862 vergers were very properly posted in the chapels to see that no mischief was done; why cannot the same staff do the same work in 1865? Or is it that the arrangement of 1862 required an extra staff and a little extra cost? If any such paltry excuse is offered, we can only remind the Dean and Chapter that the Abbey does not exist for their sakes only, but for the sake of the people of England.

Let us turn to the other end of London, and we shall find the great Eastern lion very much better managed than the Western. A visit to the Tower is so contrived as to cause as little annoyance to the visitor as can be caused when the attendance of a guide is enforced. If any one had a right to be donnish and to order people about, we should think it was one of those magnificent beef-eaters who do the honours of the Conqueror's Palace. But they certainly make themselves far less obnoxious than their more soberly clad brethren at Westminster. The matter of their discourse may not be much more intelligent than that of the Westminster vergers, but there is not the same stringent obligation

to listen to it. There is not the same general hurry, the same strict necessity to "keep with the party." The time allowed to the whole company is longer, and the same summary justice is not exercised on any one who carries a moment behind the rest. The beef-eater seems to have the gift, which the verger has not, of discerning between people who come simply to stare and people who come with a rational object. We are not well up in the genesis either of beef-eaters or of vergers, but we conceive the one class to be old soldiers and the other to be old butlers, which may perhaps account for the difference. And in one of the most interesting parts, the room where the walls are covered with the inscriptions carved by the prisoners, you may stay as long as you please. A warder is posted to prevent damage, and the inquiring visitor is subject to no annoyance whatever. One other change must be mentioned between 1862 and 1865. In the former year, the great architectural curiosity of the whole place, the chapel in the White Tower, could be seen only by special order. It was filled with records—log-books, we believe—and, of course, when an order for admission had been gained, the examination of a building thus choked up was not perfectly satisfactory. It is now cleared out, and can be studied with perfect comfort, and it has been very judiciously made part of the regular exhibition. Indeed, by an excess of respect, men are bidden to take off their hats on entering it, "it being a consecrated building." Is this so? Can a building be consecrated which has rooms above and below it designed for secular uses? We fancied that ecclesiastical law did not allow the consecration of any place except where the whole, from the foundation to the sky, became the property of the Church. Our notion was that domestic chapels in general were not consecrated, and of course, in the elder ritual, a consecrated altar would be enough to satisfy every ecclesiastical rule.

One word more on the Abbey. Our fear that the proposed monument to Sir George Lewis would be made an excuse for destroying something more of the little that remains of the ancient ornamental work has not been literally fulfilled. But it has been avoided only at the cost of banishing the great scholar and statesman into very poor quarters and very strange company. His bust spoils nothing, because it is put in a place where there is nothing to spoil. Sir George Lewis has been sent to the North transept, the region which, after the precedent of Solomon in his later days, has been in a manner cut off from the temple of the Lord and devoted to the service of Baalim and Ashtaroth. The bust is stuck against the back of a huge erection adorned with figures of Jupiter or Juggernaut, or somebody of that kind. Within a few inches on one side is an image of a naked Indian, within a few inches on the other side is another image of a woman suckling a baby. Between these two Sir George Lewis is thrust in, in a modest and retiring fashion. Of all the queer ways of doing honour to a great man, who, after all, is not buried there, this is surely the queerest. It is, however, some slight comfort to see that the idols which Lord Houghton longed to build up under each arch of the nave have not yet appeared, and that there is no sort of sign that they are even on their way.

CONSCIENTIOUS MURDER.

A VERY remarkable instance has recently occurred of the monstrous crimes which a man may bring himself to commit when he once acquires a habit of reasoning about the value of human life as he would reason about the value of anything else. A Swedish clergyman has been condemned to death for putting arsenic into the sacramental wine, and by this means destroying several of his parishioners. In his confession he sets forth, with elaborate clearness, the state of mind which moved him to commit so atrocious a crime. In the discharge of his pastoral office, he says, he had to witness much misery and hopelessness, and "when one stands beside an incurably sick and dreadfully pained fellow-creature, one wishes with all one's heart that he might be released from his misery. By those hungry, cold incurables in Silbodahl I have often stood, moved by the deepest pity, and thought, 'Were I in such miserable plight, I would bless him who hastened the end of my pain, and God would forgive that merciful one.' Each visit strengthened the idea, and at length he prepared separate wine "as help in trouble." But he was not content with the single argument that life only meant pain and despair for his victims, and that therefore whoever should deprive them of it would be conferring the most inestimable favour upon them. He fortified himself on another side. He began to reflect that very few people die in the course of nature—that is, go out of the world when their faculties are worn out by age, just as they came into it, unconsciously, and as if falling into a sleep. "How many an illness which in the beginning might easily have been cured has, through delay in seeking help, precipitated its victim into the grave!" Then, again, in how many instances does the patient state his case wrongly or imperfectly to the physician, who, in consequence of the misstatement of the symptoms, is led to prescribe wrong remedies, without God's either helping the judgment of the patient or hindering the error of the physician! As a matter of observation, therefore, he concluded that science, as well as ignorance, often bears the most decisive part in causing death, and from this he argued, with a leap, that "the merciful God would not condemn me if I shortened the sufferings of a miserable fellow-creature." The missing step in the argument is that, as God allows most

people to that of deliberat would se yet in th so lightl example tions as t ment is, The Sw God per we shoul reach as that, if time is t efforts to the Divin set to w Though, argumen ance far social qu school, d of God, the inter another or test ations o legitim guarante Will is We may rules of piness n and as b of time parts of pastor h on the l but safe general men wo physical not the appeal t and all t It is a the pris casuistry puzzled administ curable tetanus, long or beholding think w plight, l Yet we help in would l wretch' forbids a would c innate r can jus shrink man fr without scruple we let never fe an unwi sinfulness they are cockcrow with th agreed is not change never l judge f it would observin the case tacitly t that poi this ind and if t time m permiss doctor f ferer? acts of tion, im present sentime

people to die before their natural time through their own folly or that of others. He would not be offended with a man who did deliberately what is constantly done unintentionally. All this would seem to mean that, though life is sacred in the eyes of men, yet in the eyes of God it is on the whole not so, or He would not so lightly permit it to be extinguished. Except as a striking example of the mischief which comes of acting on bare assumptions as to the intentions of the Divine Being, this part of the argument is, in the prevailing view of morals, scarcely worth noticing. The Swedish pastor might with equal force have argued that, as God permits an immense number of mankind to live in misery, we should not be offending Him by making every one within our reach as miserable as possible. It is unnecessary to point out that, if the existing state of things now or at any other time is to be taken as an indication of God's final intention, all efforts to amend things would be more or less in contravention of the Divine will. If human life is not sacred, why should we not set to work killing and slaying men as if they were weasels? Though, fortunately, few people apply the Swedish poisoner's argument in his fashion, still the argument itself makes its appearance far more frequently than is desirable in the discussion of social questions. Men, unless they are theologians of a certain school, do not, in handling morals, dogmatise about the intentions of God, but one often hears a question settled by an assertion of the intentions of Nature, which is only the same authority under another name. The truth is that, in discovering a standard or test of what is right and wrong in conduct, considerations of the Divine intention are misplaced. They may be legitimately powerful as a motive, but as a *measure* there is no guarantee that our conception or interpretation of the Supreme Will is infallible. The general good is the only possible test. We may presume that God designs mankind to be happy. The rules of conduct most likely to promote the general good and happiness must be decided as wisely as human capacity permits; and as both wisdom and the general good vary with differences of time and place, we can never expect these rules to become parts of an absolute and universal system. If the Swedish pastor had not assumed that God does not place any high esteem on the lives of men, and had contented himself with the lower but safer method of testing his conduct by reference to the general good, he could scarcely have reached the conclusion that men would be all the happier the lower the value they set on physical existence. The poisoning of a Swedish congregation is not the worst injury that has been inflicted on the race by an appeal to Divine intentions, and "the eternal dictates of nature," and all the other phrases for assumptions and traditions.

It is a good deal more interesting to turn to the other part of the prisoner's reasoning. Everybody, we suppose, with a turn for casuistry—and few people are wholly without it—has been puzzled to know why it would generally be thought wrong to administer a teaspoonful of prussic acid to a diseased and incurable idiot, or to a man dying with all the horrors of tetanus, or to any human creature condemned to an existence, long or short, of desperate and uninterrupted wretchedness. On beholding a case of this sort, most of us would be disposed to think with the Swedish pastor, "Were I in such a miserable plight, I would bless him who hastened the end of my pain." Yet we should shudder at the thought of "preparing wine as help in trouble." It is impossible to say how far the shudder would be due less to any actual repugnance to terminate the wretch's sufferings than to the reflection how all public opinion forbids such an act, and what frightful punishment its discovery would entail. The repugnance cannot be explained by any innate reverence for physical existence as a thing which nothing can justify us in putting an end to. The man who would shrink with horror from the notion of releasing a dying man from one hour of his agony would shoot a burglar without compunction, and, if he were a soldier, would feel no scruple about putting his enemy to the sword. And why should we let a man linger in the agonies of hydrophobia, when we never feel a doubt as to the propriety of killing a wounded horse or an unwholesome dog? Old ladies will talk by the hour of the sinfulness of extinguishing life which God has kindled, though they are taking vigilant measures every day to poison flies and cockroaches, and though they read the accounts of all the hangings with the warmest approval. The only answer is that society is agreed that the right or wrong of taking life in cold blood is not a thing to be reasoned about. Of course, whatever change of feeling on the subject may eventually occur, it would never be tolerated that private persons should be allowed to judge for themselves when their relatives are so miserable that it would be a kindness to poison them; though it may be worth observing, that the customary verdict of "Temporary Insanity" in the case of a suicide, would seem to imply that society is beginning tacitly to permit a man to judge for himself when he has reached that point of misery at which life ceases to be worth having. If this indicates a tendency to think less of "the sacredness of life," and if the tendency receives no check, is it impossible that the time may come when a guardian may apply to the authorities for permission to administer arsenic to a revoltingly idiotic ward, or a doctor for leave to put an end to the agonies of an incurable sufferer? Against the tendency implied in the leniency shown to acts of suicide we ought to set the tendency in the opposite direction, implied in the agitation against capital punishment. At present it is impossible to divine the probable course of future sentiment as to the value of life.

The most extraordinary feature in the frightful deceit put upon his own conscience by the Swedish murderer is, that he cheated himself into an atrocious crime without any apparent object of private gain. It is this which distinguishes his case from that of Riembaumer, described in one of Mr. Senior's republished essays. Riembaumer was a German priest of the highest reputation for integrity and piety, who was convicted of murdering his paramour. She had threatened to expose him, and he cut her throat in order to save the credit of his sacred profession. If she had been allowed to carry out her threat, "men would have lost confidence in their clergy," in Riembaumer's words, "and some might have thought religion a fable." He acted on a principle learnt from a casuistic teacher, that "honour is more valuable than life, and if it be lawful to protect one's life by destroying an assailant, it must obviously be lawful to use similar means to protect one's honour." Very much as the Swedish pastor admits his offence against the civil law, but maintains that God will approve the kindness of heart which dictated it, Riembaumer said, "Her death has always been a source of great grief to me, though the motives which led me to effect it were praiseworthy." With equal ingenuity he defended his habitual unchastity by a remark of Clement of Alexandria, that "a man is never so obviously the image of God as when he assists God in the creation of a human being." "To do so," he continues, "cannot be against the will of God, since thereby the number of the elect may be increased." Here is the same pernicious assumption about the will of God as in the case before us, only with the difference that with Riembaumer it was a mere pretext for the gratification of his own passions, while with the Swedish pastor this motive is at least not to be discovered on the surface. Mr. Senior argues from Riembaumer's case that, if a man sets seriously to work to argue with his own conscience, there is no error into which he cannot seduce it. Perhaps our case shows this more clearly than Riembaumer's, for Riembaumer had a strong motive for making his conscience allow the lawfulness of certain crimes. The Swede coerced his conscience with utterly gratuitous wickedness. It is a great comfort to think that the law as yet has no sympathy with subtle reasons for sending people out of the world. This is the one matter in which everybody prefers his own judgment to that of another. And a man who usurps authority over the existence of others can certainly not grumble if his neighbours borrow his own principle, and "shorten the sufferings of a miserable fellow-creature." We trust it will be a long time before sentimentality gets strong enough to provide a more merciful fate for a conscientious murderer, a murderer on principle, than for one who professes neither principle nor conscience.

THE FRENCH SENATE ON PUBLIC MORALS.

THE French Senate has exhibited some edifying zeal in debating with closed doors a petition and a Report on the subject of what we call the social evil—but which, without any circumlocution, is styled in Paris prostitution. This Report has been published. Perhaps there was a little sly pleasantry in the debate, and M. Dupin certainly availed himself of the occasion to deliver a pungent satire on the manners and customs of the highest French life, which looked very like a sermon addressed to the Imperial hostess of Compiègne and the gay company which throngs the Tuileries. The petition came from a certain Doctor Jules Meugy, and it was of a character so unpractical that we can hardly believe that it was serious. The good Doctor proposes to close all improper houses, and to increase the penalties on all house proprietors and occupiers who permit their property to be used for purposes of debauchery. The Committee, declining to adopt or recommend these prohibitory plans, pointed out that the cure proposed would only produce other and worse evils, and that sufficient responsibility is already attached by law to those householders who choose to harbour improper or suspicious inmates. To require all householders to exercise a minute and inquisitorial scrutiny into private morality, when there is no offence against public decency, would, the Committee observe, be a course utterly subversive of civil liberty. But what do the Committee recommend? As far as we can understand, little or nothing. They have put forth a very tedious Report, claiming, as is the French fashion, to begin at the beginning and to exhaust the subject. The Report, of which the author is M. G. de Saint-Germain, is of course very philosophical in its divisions, and is a complete historical monograph on the question; but, after informing us which class of prostitution is "first in the order of ideas," it leaves us stumbling in the stony wilderness of ugly facts, to pick out as we can our way to a remedy for an evil which we are told, with great gravity, "the most lofty considerations of social order, religion, and the love of humanity have never ceased to deplore." Dividing the general idea of prostitution into "two categories"—the "tolerated" and the "clandestine"—the Committee refer it to the Minister of the Interior to inquire whether *tolerated* prostitution cannot be kept within narrower limits by restricting infamous houses to certain fixed localities, and by suppressing street-walking; while, as to *clandestine* licentiousness, as far as we can understand the Report, it is suggested that the women who practise it should in some way or other, but what way we are not told, be placed under official surveillance. It can hardly be said that we learn much from this; nor can we hope that Sir George Grey will be encouraged by the example of our neighbours' success to undertake the task which some day or other will force itself upon the English Legislature, of

dealing with a state of things which is fast becoming intolerable. Our own reason for adverting again to this not very important incident in the French Senate is rather to keep the matter before public attention than from any conviction that the solution of the question is in the least facilitated by the Report of the Committee. The only principle, as far as we can discover, that is laid down by the French Catos, is that the prohibition of street-walking depends upon the toleration of brothels. *Du moment que l'autorité est fatalement contrainte à tolérer et à autoriser les maisons dont nous venons de parler, rien ne peut expliquer et justifier la circulation des femmes de débauche sur la voie publique. Si, par prudence, le Gouvernement convient à faire une concession à un mal indestructible, il ne peut ni ne doit en favoriser les ravages, en tolérant des manifestations publiques de cette nature.* From which it seems to follow that here in London we are not to expect any substantial improvement in the streets till we adopt the French, and indeed the common-sense, principle of regulating houses of ill-fame. This is, of course, a question which is not to be settled by theory, but it is well to remember that this is the conclusion which is the result of no little experience. Meanwhile it would be very important, with a view to what must come before us sooner or later, if we had some available report on the working of the recent Act which attempted to do something with prostitution in our English seaports and garrison towns; especially we should like to know what has been its effect on the state of the streets of Plymouth and Chatham and Portsmouth.

But, quite apart from this technical and formulated prostitution, the Report adverts to what it marks as the evil of the day; and though the Conscript Fathers of Paris have nothing either new or striking to say on the *demi-monde*, still, that they say something, and that the subject has been brought before a Senate, though it be such a Senate as that of Imperial France, is a remarkable fact. The subject is approached in a serious spirit. There is, remarks the Committee, another kind of clandestine prostitution which, if it is not kept in check by responsible example, has a tendency to become an institution, and to be productive of the most terrible social consequences. Although quite as reprehensible in a moral aspect as any other sort of prostitution, there are few traces of vulgarity in it. *C'est plutôt un commerce de galanterie que de la prostitution.* And then the Report goes on to say that, though there is nothing absolutely new in all this, and though the reign of courtesans is part of all history, yet there is a speciality which distinguishes this vice in our day. For the first time, it is a recognised condition of life. The fashionable Lais of the day was formerly an exception; now the existence of this class is a rule of our social condition. Formerly she defied public opinion, now she is recognised by it. The Report goes on to point out the general lowering of the moral standard which this state of things has a tendency to produce. The courtesan of fashion used to be a strange sight; now she is a lesson and an example—something to imitate rather than a spectacle to be astonished at. The terse epigrammatic structure of the French language puts this note epigrammatically. *Le scandale d'une courtesane célèbre . . . était plutôt un spectacle pour la multitude qu'un enseignement pour chacun. C'est le contraire qui se produit aujourd'hui.* In the presence of this august aspect of vice, even the Committee of the Senate retire, hopeless of a remedy; where the power of the law fails, that of morals commences. And then, of course, they quote Montesquieu, and might quote Horace:—

*Quid leges sine moribus
Vane proficiunt?*

and they go on to observe that, in this general and growing relaxation of public morals, those of the higher classes have much to answer for who allow, in their own private circles, anything like an imitation of the manners and habits of this particular and novel form of social life.

The evil must have attained a portentous growth when it requires this sort of notice; and though it is possible that political considerations impelled M. Dupin to enlarge on the theme, we may apply the lesson to ourselves. The Procureur-General says, with considerable truth, that the question of the day is not about public prostitution in Paris. He recalls the times when the Palais Royal was one vast and public house of ill-fame; but he is almost disposed to think, not only that no substantial gain has been made by the clearance of this notorious scandal, but that public morality, though not public decency, was never at a lower ebb than it is now. Perhaps, if he ever heard of it, he would say that Burke's fallacy has received its most forcible refutation; and that vice, by losing much of its grossness, has only doubled its general attractions. M. Dupin is a man of some experience; and it is as well we should know that he is of opinion that in those countries where the Inquisition undertakes to prohibit prostitution, vice is worse than where it is tolerated, but regulated as well as tolerated. He does not approve of any plan which should confer further domiciliary powers on the police; but he goes on to observe that, while existing legislation is strong enough to deal with any outrageous violations of public decency, there are classes and there are vices, infinitely more dangerous, which no legislation can touch. Strictly speaking, M. Dupin's speech does not directly bear on the state of things in England, where there is neither legal recognition nor toleration, and therefore no regulation of what is called the social evil; and where we bear the double burden of an inevitable scourge, which is daily on the increase, and of a public hypocrisy which pretends not to see the most serious canker of modern society. As we pretend, or claim, to be the most moral people on earth; as we flaunt our domestic virtues in the eyes of all Europe;

as we wipe our mouths and thank God and the Established Church, King William and the Protestant religion, that we are not as other men and women—that our English home is the model fire-side, *non obstante* an occasional little revelation of the Divorce Court, that there are no bribery and corruption in our political life, no breaches of the Seventh Commandment in any department of life, that our retail tradesmen are all honest, and our working-men all sincerity, truthfulness, sobriety, and admirably fitted for the franchise—it is just as well to consider whether certain questions which M. Dupin puts to the French Senate can be satisfactorily answered here in London. He says that now-a-days the courtesan is to be seen in a brilliant equipage, and in all public places. We doubt whether there is anything very new in all this. There is a curious story in Leslie's and Taylor's *Life of Reynolds*, which relates how, with the connivance and in the presence of that most moral of monarchs, George III., Kitty Fisher was introduced to Secretary Pitt, "the great commoner," at a review in Hyde Park. The odd scene to which this incident gave rise is not to our present purpose, but, as far as it goes, we have no reason to suppose that such a thing could occur in the present day. It was a coarse joke, and was taken as such, and it certainly did not do half as much harm as what is of constant occurrence among ourselves. The whole world would laugh if some wag contrived to introduce, say, Earl Russell to "Anonyma"; but we are not disposed to laugh at M. Dupin's very unpleasant query. *Que fait la grande société? Elle regarde, elle prend modèle, et ce sont ces demoiselles qui donnent les modes, même aux dames du monde; ce sont elles qu'en copie. Voilà l'exemple qui donne la haute société.* And it is very important to mark with the utmost precision what is the exact character of the prevailing vice of our times. In the days of our early Georges, and the annals of the Court of Louis XIV., a sort of tacit condonation was afforded to harlotry in *excelesis*, or rather in *excelesissimis*. Lady Cowper, one of the best of her sex, was on visiting terms with George II.'s mistresses. Kings have dispensed with the *maitresse en titre* in these moral days, but we have our doubts whether, for all substantial purposes, we have made an advance. A century or two centuries ago, harlots adopted the manners, the language, and the general bearing of virtue; among ourselves, on the contrary, it is virtue and matronly honour and maidenly purity which think proper to imitate the dress, the habits, and not seldom the language of hetærisms. The balance is against us. We are not saying that our wives are less chaste or our daughters less honest than they used to be. But the *demi-monde* is a perilous model; and there is a *consensus* of authorities as to the fact—and it is a new fact—that a polluted woman is a model for respectability and virtue. We are not fond of quoting Scripture, but he was a wise man at any rate who asked:—"Can a man"—or, for the matter of that, can a woman—"take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals and his feet not be burned?"

ELECTION PLEASANTRIES.

THE inhuman fastidiousness of which popular orators and writers are so fond of accusing the more cultivated classes has received a severe rebuke during the last fortnight. Blotched patricians and flippant cynics have been brought face to face with the stern dignity of the sovereign people, and the grave thoughtfulness with which, as the phrase goes, a great nation chooses its rulers ought to make the feudalists hide his head in confusion or reverence. The sublime truth that every man is or ought to be the equal of every other, especially if he pays fewer taxes and has less time for vexing his head with knowledge, has been confirmed almost to demonstration. Such an opportunity of inspecting the "great heart" of the people does not often present itself. It is a grand and refreshing thing to look upon proud aristocrats and self-seeking lawyers and opulent traders vainly trying to get a hearing from the downtrodden crowd of non-electors. Those who sympathize with the noble aspirations of the people are filled with lofty gratification as they behold a man of culture and position, with pallid face, making inaudible speeches and gesticulating wildly to a select circle immediately around him, while the great heart of the thousands below is relieving its feelings by insensate bellowing and preposterous jesting and indiscriminate fighting. The scene of the nomination at Lewes, for example, is one which should cause unspeakable joy in the minds of people like the sage member for Rochdale, who believes that the majority of the population are kept in the most degrading sort of serfdom by their oligarchic oppressors. The politicians of that delightful borough displayed an exquisite ingenuity which could scarcely be found elsewhere. In most other places, the crowd showed its sensibility to political errors in the various candidates by the simple and comparatively unobjectionable processes of fighting and shouting. At Lewes, more stringent measures were taken to bring the candidates to a juster sense of what is due to an enlightened public. Mr. Brand had apparently inflicted the deepest wound on the intelligent convictions of his constituents by voting for the Roman Catholic Oaths Bill, while one of his opponents had outraged the popular sympathy with the theory of non-intervention by expressing in his address a regret that we had not gone to war with the United States. The mild but humorous way in which these aberrations were punished was most satisfactory. During the delivery of the speeches, "rotten eggs, bags of flour, of soot, and of red brickdust,

fell in show covering the Mr. Brand sweet and d "gentlemen contained i mercy, and times a ret whose arg respect th became "a rang his b pompous d with unab of the t even here teristic of combatan vigour of good-hum At one poi a glass of offensive o storm of courage, t better for was plain inquired o The Conse gave vent and moan It woul Lewes, for gives a fel Barron the name of men," say nation, " gallery in of voice with." I meet thei —"Knox him; one en route, becomes triumpha second gallery st show of they had as import public, channel the galle hoarsely throttling in an eq yelling c young a whistling rage." suffer the Hibernia girls, on tightly a candidat and griz his ex black c See the open, of mus him to by the cheers girl no quivering planks, Patagon to the show a in Irela the rail and, af nomin in the pri toas u being reporte gentilly he tell be per barrel manne

fell in showers upon those in front of and within the hustings, covering them with a most disgusting and evil-smelling mixture." Mr. Brand himself had to make his speech amid a shower of this sweet and fragrant mixture. His sin had been grievous, but the "gentlemen electors," as he euphemistically styled a crowd which contained neither gentlemen nor electors, tempered justice with mercy, and rotten eggs with soot. Still justice was done. Three times a retreat was beaten into the Town Hall. Even the beadle, whose august office might have been expected to command a respect that was denied to a mere Secretary of the Treasury, became "an unfortunately conspicuous mark," and though he rang his bell with heroic energy and commanded silence with pompous dignity, the storm of eggs and red brickdust raged with unabated fury. Of course there was the usual allowance of the time-honoured political pastime of fighting, but even here there was a mildness that seems peculiarly characteristic of Lewes, for we are told that after a lull "the late combatants, whose bruised and bleeding features testified to the vigour of the blows they had received, resumed their stations as good-humouredly as though nothing unpleasant had occurred." At one point, in the proceedings, Mr. Brand refreshed himself with a glass of water, and this seemed to be regarded as personally offensive even to his own supporters, for it was followed by a storm of universal hoots and groans. With a kind of Dutch courage, the unlucky candidate told his friends it would be much better for them if they drank more water and less beer. Beer was plainly the weak point in his cause, for a sarcastic supporter inquired of him, "Who gives us two shillings a day and no beer?" The Conservatives were enchanted with this significant hint, and gave vent to their triumphant exultation in inextinguishable yells and moans.

It would seem that things are cheaper in Waterford than at Lewes, for there the great cry was, "Down with Barron, he only gives a fellow 1s. 6d. a day!" But more formidable to Sir Henry Barron than his parsimony was the hostility of a pugilist of the name of Knox, who was retained by Mr. Blake. "Mr. Blake's men," says the reporter who describes the Waterford city nomination, "were powerful athletic fellows, who could clear the gallery in a second if they were so inclined, but they liked freedom of voice and action, and rather gloried in the opposition they met with." In fact, the opposition they met with was inadequate to meet their desires; so—to borrow the fine historic style of the reporter—"Knox challenges any of Barrington's men to jump down and fight him; one of the challenged plunges at him, but is knocked over *en route*, and disappears." Amid cheers and whistling the fighting becomes general, and "at last Knox emerges from the *mêlée* triumphant, but almost in *puris naturalibus*." When the last seconder had finished his speech, "the two front rows of the gallery stood up as one man at this juncture, and made a great show of fighting; they then sat down quietly, like men who felt they had done their business well." The show seems to have been as important as the reality, for at the beginning of the business the public, "like an impetuous wintry torrent, dashing along its channel after bursting the barriers that had restrained it," invaded the gallery, "shouting, screaming, leaping, waving caps and hats, hoarsely bellowing discordant war-cries, and making a *feint of throttling each other*." At Cashel the proceedings were conducted in an equally orthodox fashion. The Court was filled with "a yelling crowd, entangled and struggling in one heaving billow, young and old, lusty and infirm, male and female, shouting, whistling, groaning, dragging, dancing, foaming with irrepressible rage." Women wrongfully deprived of the suffrage would not suffer themselves to be robbed, at all events, of the precious Hibernian privilege annexed to it. "Well-looking, well-dressed girls, one a perfect Amazon, bared their arms, wound their shawls tightly round them, and rushed into the *mêlée*." When one of the candidates appeared, "some danced with delight, others groaned and grinned with fury." The chronicler becomes almost lyric in his excitement. "That woman there," he exclaims, "with black chenille net and lilac muslin gown is a perfect maniac. See that fine-shouldered handsome fellow, his shirt torn open, and his broad heaving chest red with the strain of muscular excitement; he is a prisoner; they are dragging him towards the door; they tear at him, and clutch him by the throat, as if to strangle and stifle within his throat the cheers for O'Beirne." And, most tremendous of all, "there is a girl not sixteen, her features distorted and her whole frame quivering with frenzied agitation, how she beats the wooden planks, and bites everything within her reach." Surely, if the Patagonians or the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego were to awake to the glories of representative government, they could scarcely show a more delicate appreciation of the new boon than is found in Ireland. At Dungarvan, the Conservative candidate, on leaving the railway station, was at once seized by a woman of the town and, after a severe struggle, was shut up in his hotel. When the nomination took place, there was the usual hooting and fighting in the mob, and even the candidates got into an altercation about the privilege of speaking first. It was suggested that they should toss up, but eventually "the question was decided without its being necessary to adopt that *dernier ressort*." The Dungarvan reporter, by the way, is most wonderfully particular about the gentility of his language. While the candidates were disputing, he tells us, "the *oi polloi*—who, *par parenthèse*, were, if we may be permitted to use such a vulgar simile, packed as close as a barrel of herrings—shouted, cheered, &c., in the most uproarious manner possible." Well might one of the speakers declare that

"there is not a small town in Ireland so enlightened, so well-educated." We cannot omit to pause before the superb meagry of this patriotic orator. "This shrewd and enlightened people"—*par parenthèse*, at the moment shouting and howling like wild beasts beneath him—"at once saw through the gauze shroud that covered the fatid carcass of expiring Toryism." Familiar Latin quotations assume an unwonted and hideous aspect in the hands of the enlightened reporters of the district, and we have first "de mortuis nil nisi bonum," and then "de mortuis nil nisi verum," to say nothing of "habemus confitentem reum." At Cashel, one O'Shea was profuse in quotations, but his own language was quite powerful enough to make such ornaments superfluous. He accused his opponents of "summoning to their aid the genial spirits of beer, bribery, and blackguardism." And when somebody in the crowd called out, "It's a lie, how dare you use that language, you hireling!" O'Shea replied to the elegant interruption by saying that the people before him were "howling Bedlamites." It may be some satisfaction to our English patriots to remember that the most practical piece of facetiousness is due to the Cheltenham Conservative who replied to some rude pleasantries of one of Colonel Berkeley's supporters by shooting the unwarrantable joker stone-dead.

Belfast, of course, carried off the palm for atrocious ruffianism. "One would have thought," says a witness, "that hell itself was empty, and all the devils were there." The life of an unpopular candidate "would not have been worth a minute's purchase, if he had been cast unaided in the midst of the raging maniacs, who grimaced at him, who shook their fists and clubs as nearly as they could in his face, and some of whom strove to clamber over the partition which divided him from them." Even in their triumph the Orangemen were as ruffianly and malignant as they had been before the result was known. While they were waiting for the declaration of the poll, they were delighted with the performance of an orator who for half an hour or more turned all the doctrines held most sacred by Roman Catholics into revolting jests. And it is said that the well-dressed people on the platform entered into the outrageous proceedings with as much enthusiasm as the crowd of malignant wretches below. The senseless riots at Nottingham and Chippenham are comparatively creditable by the side of these outbursts of religious fury. It is not a very plucky thing certainly to throw tombstones at a vicar's windows because he voted for the Conservative candidate, but it is not so bad as if the same persons had parodied the vicar's religious beliefs and turned the Thirty-nine Articles into as many comic songs. An outbreak of religious malignity is a good deal more odious than one of mere unmeaning political irritation. And there is something more to be said for the conduct of the Liberal rioters at Chippenham. Besides throwing tombstones at the vicar's window, they showed their sincere detestation of Conservatism, even in its most elementary form, by incontinently robbing a butcher's shop of all the joints it contained, and a large quantity of furniture is also said to have been missing. A man who joins a riot for the sake of a leg of mutton and an arm-chair may deserve imprisonment for theft, but theft in Wiltshire is not so profoundly inimical to the common weal as frantic Orangism is in Ulster.

The nomination for Dublin University was made the scene of a very novel form of electioneering wit. While a candidate was delivering a thrilling peroration, the whole assembly was thrown into a state of violent consternation by the sudden letting off of fireworks by some Conservative politician in a remote part of the room. This original device had the desired effect, for the orator fled from the rostrum in dismay. Perhaps some of the turbulent members of the House of Commons may seize the suggestion, and, instead of calling on Mr. Whalley to sing, may make his appearance an occasion for letting off Roman candles, or some other equally significant firework. Not the least remarkable of the political pleasantries of the elections was the speech of the gentleman who seconded Sir John Pakington. This genuine philosopher, with a soul above partisanship and consistency and the like, expressed his thorough dissent from all his candidate's opinions and principles, declared a fervent wish that the right honourable gentleman might be in Opposition as long as ever he had a seat in the House, and wound up by calling him a fit and proper person to represent the electors in Parliament. If all the world acted on the same principle, we fear it would not prove the most effective means of securing the desired end. One candidate is said to have achieved the unparalleled feat of discomfiting an impudent school-boy. The election was in the neighbourhood of a large public school, and as the candidate had seen reason to turn from Whig to Tory, or from Tory to Whig, we forget which, the boys showed their profound contempt for political inconsistency by attending the nomination with jackets turned inside out. When the candidate had concluded his address he expressed his readiness to answer any questions, on which one of the boys with his jacket still reversed came forward and asked, "Why did you turn your coat, like I have done?" "Because I was a fool, like you," was the prompt reply.

WIMBLEDON.

THE Wimbledon Meeting, like the Conservative reaction, has been put upon its trial by the general election, and has stood the test considerably better. There has long prevailed a superstition that Wimbledon could not be full if London was empty, and that to insure a financial as well as a shooting triumph it was

essential to keep the time of meeting well within the London season. The accident of the dissolution has been even more unfavourable than if the season had died a natural death, and yet the Camp at Wimbledon has been overflowing, and the entrance-money has poured in with such a flood as to make the loss of a few spectators who have been engaged elsewhere a very trifling matter. The attractions of rifle-shooting have become too strong to be affected by such incidents as these, and even Lord Elcho's seat, which was supposed to be in danger from his long delay at Wimbledon, turned out, to the satisfaction of all riflemen of whatever politics, to be secure enough. One moral to be drawn from the success of a meeting at a time supposed to be so unpropitious is that it would be quite safe to fix the gathering at any season which would be convenient to competitors, without too excessive a regard to other considerations; and it would be worth considering whether the time might not be a little varied from year to year, so as not always to exclude the same unlucky riflemen to whom a holiday in July is an absolute impossibility.

In the main features, the programme of one year is a mere repetition of those that have preceded it, but it is always a repetition with considerable additions to the number and value of the prizes. Besides the innumerable prizes for individual marksmen, there have been contests between the three component nationalities of the Kingdom, between the Universities and the Public Schools, between the chosen representatives of counties, and, in the shape of volley-matches, between the teams sent up by the best of our Volunteer battalions. In fact it would be difficult to hit upon any new classification on which to found a friendly competition. The Lords and Commons' match alone of the accustomed list was, for obvious reasons, omitted on the present occasion. Among the schools, Harrow has added a double triumph to the laurels so easily won at Lord's, for the school has not only succeeded in retaining the Ashburton Shield, but took the Spencer Cup also for the score of its most successful champion. Marlborough and Rugby were not far behind, and through the whole list the contest was creditably close. In the University match, Cambridge, which has transferred its great champion to the ranks of the London Scottish, was nevertheless victorious; so that against the losses in cricket and rowing may be set two victories—one in athletic sports, the other with the rifle.

This year there were two great matches between the representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland—one with the Enfield and the other with the small bore—and in one Scotland was triumphant, and all but victorious in the other. The success of Scotland in the Enfield contest, coupled with the results of the county matches and the evidence of the general shooting, has a special significance of its own which deserves some attention. The county contest was stimulated this year by the gift of a splendid challenge cup from old Volunteers settled in China. In the early days of volunteering, Middlesex took a great lead of the less populous counties, at any rate in the Enfield shooting, while Lancashire was generally the favourite when more delicate weapons were admitted. The little knot of splendid shots whose homes are in the neighbourhood of Liverpool and Manchester have still kept their county at the front in the small-bore contest; but Middlesex has been beaten for the China cup by half a score of rural counties, headed by Somerset. It was partly, perhaps, by accident that the Middlesex component of the Twenty of England did less than its share of the work, and, in fact, lost the match; but there is something more than chance in the result of the county contest and the diminution of the number of Middlesex Volunteers among the winners of the chief prizes. At first, Middlesex men carried away about half the honours of the meeting. Now, the sixty selected for the second stage of the Queen's Prize is found to comprise only about a dozen Middlesex names. A comparison of the shooting of successive years would, we believe, show very clearly that Scotland is gaining upon England, the rural districts upon the towns, and the whole country upon London and its neighbourhood. Side by side with this experience may be placed the fact that in many parts of Scotland a range may be constructed at any time, by setting up a target on the hill-side. In the country a convenient and accessible practice-ground is almost always easily obtained, while the metropolitan Volunteers have to travel miles to their butts, and even on these terms are most inadequately supplied with this prime necessity of a rifleman's existence. Every year the number of ranges near London diminishes, as one after another is closed by injunction at the suit of some reasonable or unreasonable neighbour. Of those that remain, there is probably not one which is not in danger of the same process, and, unless some provision is made to reconcile the fair requirements of the public with the wants of the Volunteers, rifle-shooting must before long become extinct among the Middlesex corps. It is satisfactory to know that out of the millions of bullets fired at these ranges not one has strayed so as to damage a passer-by; but it is always hopeless to demonstrate the physical impossibility of an accident, and something not far short of that must be done to save a rifle-range from the hands of the Court of Chancery. It is an obvious blunder to leave such matters to the decision of a Court which has no means of making a butt safe except by stopping its use altogether. At present no range is allowed to be opened until it has been passed as safe by a military inspector. If any complaints are made of insufficient precautions, the proper remedy would be for the War Office to insist upon such alterations being made and such regulations observed as would suffice to remove all

chance of accident. Instead of this, the resort is to a Court which, on proof of any defect, however easily it might be remedied, has no course but to shut up the range altogether and confiscate in effect the 1,000*l.* or so which some unlucky corps may have spent upon it. It is not too much to ask the Legislature to put Volunteer rifle-ranges under the same management and protection as those used by the regular army. At Woolwich and Gravesend, at Hythe, and a score of other stations, shooting is constantly going on which is certainly not more steady than Volunteer practice. If any likelihood of danger is pointed out, it is instantly removed by the military authorities. This is found amply sufficient to prevent accidents, without the harsh remedy of a writ of injunction. If an army rifle-range cannot be closed as a nuisance, why should a Volunteer rifle-range be more hardly treated? This is a question which Volunteer members of Parliament will do well to consider, if the whole art and mystery of rifle-shooting is not to be extinguished by an epidemic of injunctions which, after clearing the district round London, will ultimately spread the infection throughout the country. The rarity of accidents, even to those engaged in shooting and marking, and the almost entire absence of any mishaps to strangers, after five years of incessant firing, is some proof of the good drilling and careful habits of the Volunteers; and while it is right that the most stringent supervision should be exercised to prevent all danger, it is not fair to treat Volunteer practice as a *prima facie* nuisance which any ill-conditioned neighbour may put down on the most trivial pretext. Parliament has passed two useless Acts nominally to facilitate the acquisition of ranges, but, as was foreseen by all who had any acquaintance with the subject, their provisions have in no single instance been found of any avail. With this exception, not a step has been taken to regulate and encourage rifle practice, and it is not surprising that the London Volunteers find their roll of shooting-men grow smaller every year.

Whether Scotland or England, the county or the town, is triumphant, it is satisfactory to note decided progress in the performances at Wimbledon. The Government search for the model breech-loader will be greatly assisted by the special competitions devoted to the encouragement of this class of arm. Other novel contests have been introduced, for the express purpose of testing the capabilities of the Volunteers under conditions almost more severe than could occur in actual service. The running man is an old device, and thousands of Volunteers have learned how to bring him down with something like certainty. A new competition, devised by Capt. Ross, has still further developed the skill and activity which the Wimbledon Camp can produce. A target is set up at which each candidate for military honours is allowed to shoot as often as he pleases in the course of five minutes, under the condition that after every two shots he is to run round a course of 100 yards. Two champions, Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Peterkin, made it their especial business to discover the most effective drill for this peculiar match, and the result has shown that a man armed with a muzzle-loading rifle, a powder flask, and a pocket full of bullets may, in the course of five minutes, run 500 yards, and put a dozen shots into a mark no bigger than the crown of a hat, at a distance of about 120 yards. It was no wonder that old soldiers who witnessed this achievement were delighted to find what magnificent skirmishers the Volunteer ranks could produce; and it is a satisfactory answer to those who smile at the refinements of target-shooting, to point to the splendid rough-and-ready practice which a well-trained shot can make under circumstances as trying to the physical powers as any that could well occur in actual conflict.

Not long after these columns appear the military organization of the Volunteers within reach of Wimbledon will be put to a test as stringent in its way as those which have brought on their shooting capabilities. Some ten or twelve thousand of the civilian troops will be marched on to the common without any previous intimation of the parts they are to play, and manoeuvred on a mimic field of battle with as much facility as if their lives had been devoted to soldiering. So complete has the discipline of the force become, that a review of this impromptu kind has long ceased to cause any anxiety to those engaged, or any misgivings in the minds even of critical military spectators. A certain ruggedness of movement may distinguish such a field-day from the finished performances of a brigade of Guards, but the main object of all military training is secured when it has become almost a matter of certainty that every battalion will be found without loss of time at the post which it is ordered to occupy, and that the echoes of the firing, both of line and skirmishers, will be as sharp and as well-sustained as could be desired if an enemy were in front. In facility of movement, and in rapidity and accuracy of fire, the standard already attained is sufficient to compensate for the lack of some of the solidity and precision in which no volunteer troops can hope to vie with the best-drilled battalions of the British army. But without these special refinements the Volunteers form a sturdy, active, and thoroughly handy force which no adversary would venture to despise.

A PANORAMIC SKETCH FROM THE SCHOOLS' QUAD.

THE beauty of an Oxford contested election is that it looks utterly unlike what it is, as measured by the usual features of an electoral contest elsewhere. There are no squibs—unless the dry and dignified pamphlets consisting chiefly of select quota-

tions from *Hansard*, relieved by epigrams from professorial chairs, can be dignified with that title. There are no placards, no brass bands, no "loaf" of pantomimic size—nor, which would be more in point with the recent contest, hogsheds labelled "claret" and "sauterne," with ridiculously low figures annexed. There are no speeches, except in Latin, from the proposers and seconders; no possibility of walking round the "schools' quad" on the heads of free and independent electors; no bets on the event; no foaming taps, or bags of sovereigns bursting, through invisible agency, and letting the precious coin ooze through keyholes and cracks in the floor or ceiling. There are no blue and yellow flags, ribbons, and rosettes; no cabs bursting with the weight of blue or yellow voters; no "compliments of the season" in the form of unsavoury missives; no questions relating to the Maynooth Grant, the inspection of nunneries, and flogging in the army and navy. There are no "roughs," ruffians, and brickbats—we had almost said, no lawyers. But here our enumeration of negatives fails us, and we are veraciously constrained to admit that lawyers there were. Not that the usual six-and-eightpenny cormorants who act as "wire-pullers" among all other constituencies fix their prey in these waters; but higher limbs of the law, probably briefless, and working for love, fellows of colleges who combine a name on a door-post in the Temple with one on the list of the University Calendar—such may be seen keeping their pounces sharp by swiftly clutching at real or fancied flaws in the voting-papers, and occasionally slinking out, with the air of a man keeping an engagement under the dread of a sheriff's officer, when any really new and untried point threatens to emerge and occasion a call upon their acumen. To facilitate these arrangements for forensic aid, it so happened that the assize of the Oxford Circuit was held in that city for two days contemporaneously with the election, which spins its dreary length over five. This gave to one period of the tame and bloodless struggle such a momentary pennyworth of excitement as javelin-men and trumpeters alone can throw into a constitutional ceremonial. Many lawyers of distinction, being moreover members of the University, were able to present themselves by express train in order to tender their suffrage in person, combined with advice if required, and this is said to have brought to the aid of the Vice-Chancellor some very big wigs indeed. Whether the advice given made the course to be pursued clearer or darker, whether it was utterly impartial, or whether it was an electioneering "dodge," got up "as a lawyer knows how" in the disguise of a case for an opinion, we forbear to inquire. No doubt there are some grave questions reserved, and this perhaps is one of them.

In the Theatre, in the Convocation-house, and in the Schools were spread three solemn green-baized tables. At one the Vice-Chancellor, at the others two of his deputies, presided—not unlike Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, in the fabled shades of classic myth. Hither would hie at frequent intervals a secretary of either committee, leading, like *ἑρμῆς ψυγότροπος*, a train of spectral voters, whose suffrage was to be adjudicated upon, accepted, rejected, or filed as objected to. After hovering some moments in the presence of their arbiters, and answering in phantom gibberings the awful questions, "Do you vote for Ixion or Sisyphus?—do you plump for him or split for Tantalus?" the solemn shadows would withdraw, drink the cup of Lethe in collegiate port, and revisit the upper world by the next train from the "ivory gate." These, however, furnished probably not the twentieth part of the suffrages which decided the election. All around and about the tables of adjudication fluttered leaves from the book of destiny, coloured blue and green, *inscripti nomina regum*—that is, duly bearing the autograph of the master or doctor, in arts or faculty, coupled with a voucher from one whom gods call a "justice of the peace for borough or county," and men a "beak." One of the attendant *Parces* would from time to time, before the previous pack was duly sorted and settled, let loose a fresh bundle, say of green; and then another ministering gnome would set flying a bundle of blue, suggesting the Virgilian deprecation—

*Folii tantum ne carmina manda,
Ne turbata volent;*

while objections, replies, and rejoinders, would vex the heavy air, till blue seemed not so very blue, nor green so very green, and a leaden *mezzo-tinto* seemed to envelop Vice-Chancellor and Proctor, poll-clerk and baize and voting papers alike, and a presumptuous mortal, had any such been free to speak the sentiments of the upper world, would have proposed to light a cigar in order to clear the "muzzy" atmosphere.

For five days, beginning in one week and lasting into another, the shadowy strife went on. Hard work enough, no doubt, it brought to the real working men of either side, whom every post flooded with its blue or green missives, which had to be read or guessed by the "blind" process familiar wherever cecography abounds, sorted, sifted, and arranged like hands of cards for play, and held ready to be showered on the table according to the tactics of the game. Then came the endless reiteration of the voting paper read through, only diversified by "conjectural emendations" as to the "readings" of the Christian names and surnames which it bore; and as these, including the friend or friends in whom the elector confided to present the paper for him, might amount to half a dozen, a good field was opened for scholar-like ingenuity of resource, and, when combined with possible difficulties arising from date or place, for lawyerlike fertility of objections. When none such occurred, on it went, like a perpetual "Gregorian," further boring the weary, and further confounding the confused. Yet we think that, on the whole, for a first experi-

ment, the affair has been conducted with a provident organization which left as few points as possible open to mishap; and that, judged by the result of enabling four thousand men, or nearly so, from all the corners of the United Kingdom, to register their votes in five days within the local limits of the University, the system may be pronounced amply successful for its purpose.

Dreary, listless work it brought to the presiding potentates, moping dull for an hour and then driven mad for a minute, and relieving tedium with the London morning paper, the local paper, the weekly paper, the London evening paper, with leaders for Ixion and Sisyphus by turns. Success in doing nothing with a grace was frequently the greatest success of which the circumstances admitted. Here, you might see a public examiner apparently taking notes of objections, which on a nearer view resolved themselves into caricature sketches of voters and justices of the peace in academic, or other, costume. There, a distinguished mathematician would be found, faintly dividing the number of minutes which had elapsed since the poll opened, by the total of blue tickets, by the total of green tickets, and by the total of blue and green tickets; or deciding whether the number of votes from given rural districts varied directly or inversely as the squares of the distances. Now and then a question of excitement would stir the pool. A peer would tender his vote, and be received with a sarcastic politeness more expressive than direct rejection. A voting paper dated from Lancashire would appear with the voucher of a justice in Kent, or *vice versa*, or marginal directions would appear to have been used by the elector simply for the purpose of nullifying his vote. Sometimes a name on the register would be alleged to be off it, when the College porter or butler would solve the *dignum vindice nodum* by a solemn scrutiny of the archives of his office, from which decision there lies no known appeal.

As the days wore on, and the event became more and more fully foreshadowed, and the "London Committee" of this or that candidate were polled out, and the convulsive efforts of the "whips" were urging the eleventh-hour men of either side to rally for "green" or "blue," the prospect of release began to exercise its charm; chaff began to enliven those dreary *stances*, and the secretaries, victor and vanquished, made a clean breast of it, and talked out their stealthy stratagems, profound manoeuvres, and intricate organization. Then it was known why Mr. Dulman (green) had accepted a temporary chaplaincy in Rhineland, and why Mr. Sloman (blue) had found it suddenly necessary to examine the schools of the Protestant Mission at Marseilles. Then the secret history of that mysteriously missing voting-paper, found by Professor Cracknut's scout in his master's left boot, at last came to light. Then Dr. Trot knew at last why he had been started by a treacherous friend in blue on a wild-goose tour in quest of various imaginary voters in different counties, green. Then Dr. Janus was seized upon and searched, and his ample waistcoat found to contain a packet of blue papers in one pocket, and an equal number of green in the other, never presented.

The local post-office of a provincial town has seldom had such a strain put upon it as that of Oxford during the last few weeks. It was like a perpetual Valentine's-day for a month or more. As time grew shorter, committeemen more sleepless and breathless, and available voters more scarce, the spasmodic jerks of the telegram came into play to assist or supersede the efforts of the post-office. Harmless vicars who thought they had voted, were pounced upon by sudden emissaries from Oxford, whilst they were in the midst of the marriage service of the squire's daughter, or were overtaken, miles away up the country, in the thick of the tepid orgies of a school-children's excursion-treat; and were panic-stricken to be told of fatal flaws, the only chance of rectifying which lay in instantly appearing before their offended *alma mater*, and voting *in propria persona*. Such were some of the incidents of the struggle; but it is over now. The temporary spurt which the election gave to a couple of dead weeks of vacation, infusing into them more than the bustle of a term, has passed away. Blue is green, and green is blue. Fishing-rods and alpen-stocks come forth from their corners, and the University register and the Code of Statutes (with the leaves relating to the election of burgesses very dog-eared and dirty) are put on the shelf. "The stone of Sisyphus stands still," and if "Ixion" does not yet "rest upon his wheel," it is only because he is going to have it fitted with a new steam-power, to turn a forest of spindles, and perform more surprising gyrations than any which have yet been witnessed.

THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH.

CONSIDERING that, during the last fortnight, there has been not a soul in town, it is wonderful how full Lord's Cricket Ground was this day week. That it should so completely have become the fashion to go to the Eton and Harrow match is a circumstance which is not without its drawbacks in the eyes of a lover of cricket. It is natural enough that the cricketing world should go; that the past generations of public-school men, again, and all the friends of the boys, should crowd together on this particular afternoon is all as it should be; and it is no doubt easier to field well when a few thousand people are screaming at the top of their voices. But, if the game is to be played year after year with success, it strikes us that we have heard just a little too much about the magnificent national spectacle. If all London is to go to the match, all London must simply have all the field to itself. As it is, the ground has to be roped, and the hard hits can no longer be run out. It is a matter for serious speculation

what will have to take place if the crowds increase as they have of late years been increasing, in spite of much discomfort and a doubled entrance-fee. Either the boys must adjourn to Salisbury Plain, or the game must be changed to *croquet*. The Marylebone Club may rejoice while it counts its shillings in the evening, but the simple truth is that the one public-school match which attracts conspicuously the notice of the public is fast being stifled by its own popularity.

The philosopher who studies the ways of men, and knows but little of drives to the off, must at times be surprised at the articles which appear in the daily papers on the morning after the match. The good-natured Duke of Wellington would certainly never have made that unfortunate remark about the battle of Waterloo being won in the playing-fields at Eton, if he could have foreseen the melancholy constancy with which the observation would be repeated on all occasions when cricket-playing is the topic of the hour. Disloyal and irreverent as the suggestion may appear, it is really worth thinking whether the Elevens are not likely to have their heads turned by being reminded at every opportunity that they are engaged in a magnanimous and noble pursuit. Certainly, if such is the case, it is a singular instance of virtue being its own reward. It does seem, too, questionable whether success at games is in reality obtained at the cost of so much moral training as is generally taken for granted. It must be rather hard for the unsuccessful candidates for a place in the cricket Eleven of their school to hear that their more fortunate rivals are not only great and good, but have become so in virtue of a previous course of self-denying preparation. Perhaps, if the truth could be told, the only renunciation that these boys have found it necessary to practise has been the renunciation of a portion of their Greek lambics. The public, we are told, see only the brilliant catch and the stalwart hit; how little do they think of the dreary practice, the stern discipline, which alone has achieved these wonders! How little, we cannot but think, do the moralists who write thus know of the sweetness of eluded Greek plays and the charms of a half-hour with the "professional." Cricket is good, because it requires order and method, and teaches self-control, and because it is played in public; and, above all, it is good because it keeps young persons innocently amused for an afternoon. Let people by all means go to see the boys play if they have sympathies with youthful energies, and like some boyish excitement themselves; but, for heaven's sake, let them abstain from telling the heroes of Lord's that cricket is the true glory of mankind.

The actual struggle lost some of its interest from the hollow victory of Harrow over Eton. In this respect the last two years have presented a remarkable contrast to those which preceded them. In 1860, 1861, and again in 1863, the game was unfinished through want of time, and in 1862 Eton were declared the victors late on the afternoon of Saturday. What with bad weather, good batting, and weak bowling, it was feared that two days would never be enough to make sure of a decided result. Last year, however, the game was over before lunch on the second day, and this year it was within an hour of being finished when the stumps were drawn on the Friday. Pleasant as it is to see the match played out, it is far from satisfactory to have the excitement all over after a couple of hours' play. The fact is that, in all departments of the game, the *clavarians* have in these last two years been foremost. In fielding they were better last year than at present, or at least they were more uniformly good, though even this year there was but little amiss. During part of the match no mistakes were made, and the fielding at point, cover-point, and square-leg left nothing to be desired at any time. If we recollect right, too, but one catch was dropped during the whole time. Eton, on the other hand, was weak in fielding, except in the Racquet-court corner, and perhaps we might add the long-stopping. As regards batting, again, the contrast of the two Elevens was considerable. Walter—may we be excused the Mr.—hit well to the off, and Micklem played with a straight bat, on the Eton side. One or two of the good bats, again, may perhaps have a right to consider themselves unlucky; and there is a shade of doubt over the question whether, as regards the catch which terminated Lyttleton's career for the second time, the judgment of the umpires was a correct one, and whether the ball had not touched the ground immediately after leaving the bat. But "form" was wanting throughout, and the enemy had been better taught. Amherst, though his play was not faultless, met every ball with the middle of the bat. Hardy, one of the dark-blue Elevens, went to the ground without a due conception of the most important of requisites for success—a straight play forward; while light blue was strong only when it fell back to the wickets, and successful in hitting but too often when it "pulled" to the on side.

In bowling, it will perhaps appear paradoxical if we venture an opinion that Harrow had not so much the best of it. It was the straightest, and straightness is the first element of good bowling. Amherst bowled "over" after "over" on the wicket, and Hartley was for some time hardly less accurate; in fact, the hearts of old cricketers must have been warmed within them while they recalled for a brief period the good old days when a loose ball was an event to be noticed, and the bowler used to mark out a certain knot on one of the stumps and take it. But the Eton bowling was not so weak after all. Barrington, it is true, has generally in Eton matches been more successful than he was at Lord's, but Lyttleton's first few overs, and some of his later ones,

were irreproachable, and some of the slows were by no means weak. The fact is that all bowling looks worse than it is when it is badly fielded; and all fielding, whether good or bad, may be made better by judgment and generalship. The Eton bowlers had a bad chance to begin with, when the catches went always wherever the fieldmen were not; and it only made it worse that, when the men were on the spot, they were uncertain about making them good. The Harrow arrangement of the field was excellent, though, if the hard hits could have been run out as in former years, it would never have answered to have brought the men in so close. An example of good judgment was shown in the seemingly audacious placing of the field for the slows. The slow bowler was put on from the Pavilion end, so that the curl of his ball should be *up* the hill. Cover-point was taken off, except for one or two players; five men were crowded on the "on" side, down the hill; and every ball was pitched at the leg-stump, or near it. The batsman was tempted, encouraged, forced, to hit the ball to "the on," and when he did so the five were ready to receive it.

Why should Eton be always beaten on this occasion? It would be partly true to reply, as the Eton boys no doubt will, that up to this time the number of victories is equally divided between the schools. And yet this is but half a reply, for when the two have met on anything like equal terms as regards the numbers of the entire school, the result has been most often as it has been this year. It would be true, again, to say that Eton labours under a permanent disadvantage in the nature of the ground it practises upon. The Harrow boys have a "lively ground," and one that changes rapidly with the weather; and it is on a slope. The Eton playing fields are level, and form rather what is called a dead ground. In both these respects Harrow starts with somewhat of an advantage. The space for fielding, again, at Lord's is bad, and to practise fielding on a beautifully smooth piece of turf is an ill preparation for the roughness of the London ground. But something more than this has yet to be said. No one who knows both schools, or who is in the habit of playing against them, can fail to remark that cricket is a more popular game at Harrow than at Eton—that it holds a higher place in public estimation, that it is made more a matter of discipline, that a more active spirit is infused into the practice and into the ordinary games. The knot of brilliant players who were turned out a few years ago from the banks of the Thames proves that the competition of the boats does not prevent good men from showing themselves when some energy is put into the pursuit of play. A good professional will do a great deal by correcting faults of style and insisting on particular rules of good practice; and a captain, in most of the public schools, is expected to hold himself responsible that the best men shall be regular in coming to the ground, and occasionally work together in their places. It is only by such organized method as this that an Eleven can be got together in good form at the end of the season, and if the object to be attained is worth working for, there is but one way of working in earnest. If Eton has particular difficulties to contend against in the engrossing rivalry of the river, the pursuit of cricket must be all the more zealously followed, to the extent of making it a regular business of the half, if light blue wishes to conquer dark blue in future years at Lord's.

One more topic must be noticed before we dismiss the subject. The experience of the last two years shows conclusively that under favourable circumstances it is possible to finish a school match in two days, and in two of the three unfinished matches which preceded it the game might quite well have been played out, if both sides had wished to do so from the first. The experiment of playing these matches in the middle of the school-time was first tried, as is well known, a few years ago, as a substitute for the old system of playing them at the beginning of the summer holidays—a system which had been deliberately dropped, it is true, but the loss of which had been bitterly felt by the older generations of cricketers. Eton and Winchester now play home and home matches, and Eton and Harrow contend annually at Lord's during the half. We are disposed to think, on the whole, that the present arrangement is the best which offers itself. It is to be wished that Winchester could be seen at Lord's each year, and this year, it may be added, their fielding was something to be seen; but the greater distance from London must fairly be put in the scale against it, and, if the matches are to be played in the school-time, enough is probably given to cricket already. The interest which used to be spread over two matches is concentrated, and not diminished, when it is directed to one alone. As to the old plan of using the holidays for the matches, it must be remembered that the abandonment of it was a step seriously taken, and presumably not without some reason; and if the authorities of the public schools are willing to provide the matches in their present form, it would be too much to ask them to undertake the grave responsibility of introducing afresh a system which it had before been found expedient to drop. As for the present match, it gives some good cricket, and it is popular, in its new form, with the schools; and we believe that no difficulties whatever have shown themselves in allowing the boys to come up to London for the occasion. Two days are enough for a school match, except under very unfavourable circumstances; and if the match falls through again, it can only be because the public enjoy it so much at present that they hardly leave room for the cricket.

THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE FÊTE.

THE only fault that can be found with the Dramatic College Fête is that it has become too popular. The amusements were nearly the same last Saturday as in former years, but it was much more difficult than it used to be to partake in them. There really ought to be some means of dispersing the dense crowd which collected in front of the principal booths, as if intent upon seeing as much of the show as might be seen for nothing; and perhaps the most effectual method of clearing the gangway, next to employing a water-engine to play upon it, would be to invite the obstructive gapers to contribute to the support of the Dramatic College. It is not, however, altogether prudent to suggest any additional activity in collecting money at this fair, for already the ladies who hold stalls in it have improved enormously on the old-fashioned practice of waiting until customers approach of their own will, and they now send out travellers, just like a pushing firm of traders, to visit those who will not come to them. There is no great objection to the supporters of this fête imitating the expedients by which business is conducted in modern London, but it is rather too much to find traders availing themselves of the fair as a new opportunity for advertising their wares. Both without and within the booth where Messrs. Bedford and Toole performed, there was made an extensive distribution of what purported to be a programme of their entertainment. Mr. Toole was particular in requesting the ladies to accept these programmes from his hand, and, after his amusing lecture, ladies, and gentlemen also, would have done almost anything he asked them. But surprise was great on finding that the little volumes which were thus plentifully scattered among the audience were occupied about equally with describing the different shows in the fair, and celebrating the excellence of the watches manufactured by Bennett of Cheapside. This was almost the only example of a serious purpose throughout the whole of the entertainments. Among innumerable "sells," there was a genuine determination to advertise Bennett's watches. It is to be hoped that the managers of the Dramatic College made the advertiser pay handsomely for this privilege; but even if he did, it is still difficult to forgive what we must pronounce a piece of sharp practice upon the numerous admirers of Messrs. Bedford and Toole who crowded into their booth. Three pages of the little volume already mentioned contain a reprint of an article from the *City Press* which elaborately puffs Bennett's establishment in the highest style of newspaper composition. It will hardly be believed by those who have not seen it that, at the bottom of page 5, is printed "With Toole and Bedford's Best Wishes," and on the two following pages, "Send all your Friends," and "Bring all your Friends." It does not clearly appear whether Messrs. Toole and Bedford wish their friends to come to Sydenham or to Cheapside; but they issued, besides the little volume, a handbill containing a sort of mock election address, wherein occurs this line:—

We've naught to do with any other shop—

an assurance which it will be agreeable to accept. The advertising tradesman is sufficiently objectionable in those departments of our daily life into which he has already intruded. We cannot easily forget him during business-hours, and he will become unbearable if he thrusts himself also into our amusements. The spirited Mr. Bennett would doubtless be well pleased to get a line interpolated here and there into a familiar play. The melancholy Jaques, for a sufficient consideration, might be made to say—

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
Which Bennett of Cheapside had deftly made,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock."

Or Romeo might yield himself to Juliet's entreaties to tarry longer with her, at the risk of death, in words like these:—

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads;
And this my watch, of Bennett's choicest work,
I'll own is wrong, so thou wilt have it so.

Mr. Toole told his audience that Mr. Bedford complimented him, and he complimented Mr. Bedford, and the arrangement was found advantageous; but he did not go on to mention, as in candour he should have done, that Mr. Bedford and himself had agreed to make their entertainment an opportunity for puffing an enterprising tradesman—an arrangement which no doubt might also be described as advantageous.

"A Horrible Tale" which was told by Mr. Toole is not new, and the illustrations which accompanied it were not particularly remarkable as works of art. As Mr. Toole said, the thoroughfare near the house where the scene of the tale was laid was left by the artist to the imagination of the spectators, and so was a good deal besides. Nevertheless, when Mr. Toole, proceeding with the lamentable series of disasters which befel the family who lived in this house near a thoroughfare, mentioned how one of the sons poisoned himself with a green cotton umbrella, and dwelt particularly upon the deleterious quality of green dye, it was impossible not to feel that the Dramatic Fête was worth attending, even among a dense crowd and under a broiling sun. Mr. Toole and his brother artists may talk great nonsense, and their jokes may be feeble, and many of them old, but they say what they have to say as only actors of high talent and long experience can. Mr. Toole's Peep-show has been produced, we believe, every year since this fête was first

held at Sydenham, but nobody is tired of it. When he says that the show shall be turned round, so that the ladies at the sides of the room may see it, the contrast of the importance of his manner with the emptiness of the box which he is handling is irresistible. The Wild Beasts' Show, again, is nearly the same, both in regard to the animals exhibited and the description given of them, as it used to be. Mr. Addison, the showman, could not easily improve upon either the dress or the language which he adopted on first appearing in this character. The hairless horse and the Jerusalem ponies of rainbow hue were, however, entire novelties. It used to be the practice to charge extra for admission to this show during feeding time, and if this practice is still kept up—and we should be very much surprised to hear that it is not—the arrangement which was announced for feeding the animals every half-hour must have been highly advantageous to the funds of the Dramatic College. We have no doubt that there is some special provision of nature by which these animals are enabled upon this occasion to consume, for the benefit of the Dramatic College, large quantities of raw beef at regular intervals of thirty minutes. There was only one defect observable in this show, but that was so very serious that we feel bound, as a matter of duty to the public, to take notice of it. The proprietor assured parents and guardians by advertisement that there was not the slightest danger, but we are sorry to have to state that the lions and tigers were so negligently kept that the door of their cage was left unfastened, and one of these fierce animals was seen looking out of it. The observer, as might reasonably be expected, ran away so fast that he cannot tell whether the animal by which he narrowly escaped being consumed was a lion or a tiger. The lectures of the showman are very instructive, particularly to young people; and we cannot help remarking that, by a strange omission, there is nothing like these lectures at the Zoological Gardens; but, at the same time, it is not to be expected that parents will send their children to study the manners and customs of wild beasts unless complete security is provided against their being devoured.

The Richardsonian drama would hardly be true to its character if it involved any striking novelty. There is always a distressed damsel, whose depth of voice and length of stride suggest that she might be able to do something in her own defence if no champion of the other sex appeared. The forcible abduction of a big woman by a small man is a stage joke of high antiquity, and nearly as old is the advice, supposed to come from the gallery, to the sweating and struggling ruffian to do the abduction in two journeys. The defeat and rout of this ruffian and his gang, who are smugglers, by a single sailor, is an incident as novel in such dramas as the sentiment, "The man who'd not assist a female in distress is unworthy the name of a British seaman," which is duly delivered on the occasion. The combat between the sailor, with some assistance from the damsel of manly voice and step, and the gang of smugglers was in the high heroic style. Although he has weapons he scarcely deigns to use them, even against odds of six to one, but he punches the heads of some, and kicks the hinder parts of others of his enemies, and his weapons are chiefly serviceable in helping to make up a striking *tableau* after the combat. If he had been an Irishman, he might have held a pistol in each hand and a sword in the other, but being only an Englishman he contents himself with holding his sword between his teeth when he pulls out his pistols. It turns out that the girl he has rescued is his own true love, and a difficulty of her father as to the payment of two quarters' rent is promptly removed by the production by her lover of a heavy purse. The gold of the heroes of these dramas is as unlimited as are their courage and their cheerfulness. The ghost of the smuggler's mother appears to frighten him into self-destruction, for a Richardsonian drama would be nothing without a ghost; and then virtue is rewarded by the marriage of the constant lovers.

There were other entertainments of equal merit for which money was charged, and the proceedings in front of the booths were nearly, if not quite, as good as those inside them. This part of the entertainment might be witnessed gratis, and it caused, as before observed, a great obstruction of the thoroughfares of the Palace. A clown caused much amusement by recounting the story of his life in one of those conversations which used to be so popular in the old time at Astley's. Usually the clown's companion, to whom his remarks would be addressed, carried a whip, which he would employ from time to time to quicken the speaker's wit. On this occasion the whip was absent, but the clown managed to amuse his audience very well without it. There was a domestic flavour about his history which suited the taste of the ladies, who, at this as well as at most other fêtes, were more plentiful than gentlemen. "My mother had a very large family; there were seven boys, eight girls, and the rest were children." The ladies became absorbed in the narrative immediately. A little wit and even less novelty are made by skilful management to go a long way in these entertainments. Something is due also to the cause which inspires such various and prolonged efforts for the amusement of visitors to this fête. The claims of the Dramatic College to public support were happily enforced in the following stanza of a little poem which was circulated in the Palace:—

I'd like to be a fairy!
There's this consoling knowledge—
When you've grown too old for Fairyland,
There rests—Dramatic College.

REVIEWS.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH ON THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.*

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH is hardly so successful in direct dealing with history as in that peculiar branch of literature which he has in a manner made his own. He is not exactly a philologist, but, whenever he talks about words, he has always something to say which is well worth hearing. In all his little books on verbal matters, we often meet with things which we have not seen before, and still more commonly with things which, though we may have seen them before, are put forth in a new and striking way. An unusually wide and attentive study of the modern literature of several languages has made Archbishop Trench as competent as any man to trace the history of a word, its various usages and changes of meaning, for several centuries past. This he always does in a singularly elegant and attractive way; and a slight tendency to over-moralizing, and one or two slight errors into which this tendency has now and then led him, may easily be forgiven. When he attempts anything at all approaching philology of the deeper kind, he commonly breaks down. Take for instance a disputed point, the origin of the word *church*. Is it a native Teutonic word, or does it come from *kyriakij*? There are difficulties both ways, and good philologists are divided about the matter. But Archbishop Trench takes the Greek derivation for granted, evidently without seeing the difficulties on that side. The derivation from *kyriakij* is pretty and pious, and Ulfilas and the Goths on the Danube supply something like an historical connection. That is quite enough for Archbishop Trench. The unique position of the word, as a Greek ecclesiastical word which has got into Teutonic without passing through Latin, and the utter absence of any real historical connection between the Goths of Ulfilas, and the English, Germans, and Norhmen of a later age, evidently never struck him at all. The Archbishop may be right, for very high authorities agree with him, but, if he is right, he is certainly not right for the right reasons. This sort of thing pretty well gives the measure of Archbishop Trench's power. Whenever taste, elegance, and a wide acquaintance with modern literature are enough, he succeeds; whenever anything more is needed, he fails. On a directly historical subject we do not remember to have ever met the Archbishop before. He gives us here two lectures on kindred subjects—on Gustavus Adolphus and on the Social Aspects of the Thirty Years' War. The former has been delivered four or five times; the latter, though written for delivery, has never actually been delivered. We do not know the reason of this difference; for our own part we like the second rather the better of the two. Both are, like everything that Archbishop Trench writes, clearly and pleasantly written, and the general views taken in both are very fair and just. We think the Archbishop quite correct in his estimate both of the character of Gustavus and of the effects of the Thirty Years' War. And we need not say that his views of both subjects are put forth in an attractive way. But this is about all. There is nothing new or deep or vigorous, and the subject does not allow of any of those displays of verbal taste and ingenuity which form the best things in Archbishop Trench's former writings. As lectures, though we suppose that the fact that one of them was delivered four or five times tells against us, we should have thought that they required rather more knowledge than would be found in an absolutely unlearned audience, while they do not go deep enough for an audience of special students on the subject. Still we have nothing to say against the matter, and against the manner nothing except that the Archbishop seems now and then to be falling into some of the newly-devised tricks of style. When, after a comparison of Gustavus and Wallenstein, we read, "The King's end is the first which shall arrive," we are unpleasantly reminded of *The Roman and the Teuton*. Sometimes the constructions are German rather than English. "The field of Lützen . . . was the spot which his death should make memorable for ever. There should be the appointed term and bourne of his short but glorious career." Or again, "Him, perishing before long by women and by wine, Torstenson succeeded," &c. Sometimes indeed, but rarely, the Archbishop becomes not only harsh but obscure:—"Not many [towns], it is true, having been taken by assault, endured such horrors as this was considered to justify." The context shows that this does not mean that many towns were taken by assault but only a few of them endured these horrors; it means that, as few towns were taken by assault, but few endured the horrors. "This," in the second part of the sentence, seems to refer to "assault," "taking by assault," or something else which has to be supplied with some difficulty. Now Archbishop Trench can write good and clear English whenever he chooses; it is therefore the more pity that he ever chooses to write otherwise.

To Gustavus the Archbishop does thorough justice, while he is not led away into any absurd excess of hero-worship. While strongly asserting the righteousness both of his cause and of his personal share in it, he fully admits that he was not simply a devout crusader, but that, alongside of his great religious object, he did not forget—and why should he be expected to forget?—the aggrandizement of himself and his Kingdom. To make Sweden a great Power, to make himself the arbiter of Germany,

perhaps to win for himself the rank and fame of the first Protestant Cæsar, were objects which were certainly not foreign to his schemes, nor can we see that he is to be in any way blamed for seeking them. His position and objects when he entered into the war are well summed up by Archbishop Trench:—

First—A deep and genuine sympathy with his co-religionists in Germany, and with their sufferings; joined to a conviction that he was called of God to assist them in this the hour of their utmost need.

Secondly—A sense of the most real danger which threatened his own kingdom, if the entire liberties, political and religious, of Northern Germany were trodden out, and the Free Cities of the German Ocean, Stralsund and the rest, falling into the hands of the Emperor, became hostile outposts from which to assail him. He felt that he was only going to meet a war which, if he tarried at home, would sooner or later inevitably come to seek him there.

And, thirdly—as I am not here to describe a faultless monster, but only a noble Christian hero, with his own faults and infirmities, I cannot doubt that there was working in his mind a desire to give to Sweden a more forward place in the world, with a consciousness of mighty powers in himself which craved a wider sphere for their exercise. Protector of the Confederated Protestant States of Northern Germany—some such title and dignity as this there are, I think, clear tokens that he hoped to obtain. To deny that Gustavus Adolphus was ambitious—that, if there was something of Luther, there was also something of Alexander in him—with the not unfrequent attempt to make a mere theological hero of him, is to shut our eyes to the facts of history, and to determine we will portray him, not as he was, but as we perhaps may wish he could have been. At the same time, it is only he whom the French so happily called the *dénigreur*, or the blackener—he to whom all nobleness is unwelcome, rebuking as it does the meanness which he finds in himself—it is only such a one who will see in Gustavus first and chiefly a seeker of his own glory, and not of the glory of God.

Though the war lasted sixteen years after the death of Gustavus, there can be no doubt that his coming determined its final issue. The Protestants were saved; in a technical sense the liberties of the Empire were saved—that is, the Emperor was hindered from becoming master of the smaller princes. Religious liberty undoubtedly gained; whether civil liberty gained may be questioned. The result of the war was not to win any fresh rights for the people as against Emperor and princes alike, but simply to make the princes still more independent of the Emperor. This, among several other points, is well shown by Archbishop Trench in the summary of the results of the Thirty Years' War in his second lecture:—

It was evidently so in outward things. Everything which could perish had perished. Where was now the carved oak furniture in the house of the boor, the heirloom of many generations? It had long ago supplied fuel for the bivouac, or been smashed in the mere lust of destruction. And the massive silver goblet? It had found its way into the knapsack of the Croat or the Swede. Where now the glorious village church, built when Gothic art was in its prime, with its musical peal of bells, its gorgeous windows of stained glass? Fenced round as almost all the churches of Germany were by a strong wall, it had invited ruin by its manifest fitness for a post of defence. Having been turned by one side or the other into an extempore fortress, it had been battered with artillery; or it had been burned or blown up, so to dislodge a party of the enemy who defended themselves to the last from the roof or tower—its place to be hereafter supplied by that type of poverty and meanness, the village country church of Germany as we behold it now.

Where too were now the festal gatherings, the great shooting matches with arquebuses and cross-bow, which had been so frequent in the century preceding, when at the invitation of some wealthy city, offering rich prizes to the winners, and bounteous entertainment to all, the competitors from some fifty cities, far and near, would accept the challenge, and in friendly rivalry dispute for the mastery? Interrupted during the Great War, as it used to be called till it found the name by which now we know it, they were never resumed again. The cities, utterly impoverished, overwhelmed with debt, their chief citizens oftentimes chased away, never to return, dragged on for many a long year a feeble existence, which was rather a vegetation than a life, and had no exuberant energies to bestow on contests like these. The whole municipal life, with all the picturesque ceremonial and rich symbolism which the Middle Ages had bequeathed to the modern world, and which in Germany had survived in strength until this time, now vanished for ever. Commerce on a great scale was gone, and did not again return. It had been forced to find out other channels for itself, and there was neither wealth nor spirit in the land to bring it back into those old which it had forsaken.

Then too this entire prostration of the commercial cities, with the ruin of the smaller nobility or landed gentry, left the power of the Electors and smaller princes the only power that survived. There was at once an immense increase of this. The Estates ceased to be summoned any more, or languished into idleness, abdicating all those functions of assemblies of free men which they had hitherto exercised. Not to belong to the Court, not to hold some office from it—that Court a petty and paltry imitation of the splendour and vices of Versailles, which was now the cynosure of all German eyes—this was to be nothing in one's own esteem or in the esteem of any other.

These effects of the war will perhaps be better seen by comparing one German land with another. It was not till the close of the Thirty Years' War, by a clause in the Peace of Westphalia, that Switzerland was completely and finally separated from Germany. But while the rest of Germany was thus devastated, while the war came as near the border as Constanza, Switzerland herself was enabled to keep clear of the scourge. She had, both before and after, religious wars of her own—wars which, even allowing for the difference of scale, seem mere child's play beside the great struggle. But from the great struggle itself she kept wholly free. Her own special causes of corruption were already busily at work, but her valleys were at least never ravaged either by Swedes or by Croats. In the later scourge, the French Revolution and the wars which followed it, Germany and Switzerland were equal sufferers. Now it at once strikes one how much more of all those things the loss of which is here attributed to the Thirty Years' War remains in Switzerland than in the rest of Germany. In the one country the old life has been utterly broken in pieces; in the other it has been improved and developed, even the French occu-

* *Gustavus Adolphus. Social Aspects of the Thirty Years' War. Two Lectures.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop of Dublin. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1865.

pation, with all its momentary horrors, helping in the end in the work of purification.

To return to Gustavus himself. His coming, as we before said, determined the final issue of the war so far as to rescue German Protestantism from destruction. The two years of his own presence secured thus much even after he was himself gone. But one can hardly doubt that, had he lived, the war would in many respects have taken a different turn. He had trained up a school of captains, who, merely as captains, were worthy to succeed him, but he left no one to take his place as a King and a man. The wonderful discipline and good order of the Swedish camp began to fail even while Gustavus was alive; after his death the Swedes gradually became as cruel and rapacious as their enemies. The heroic crusade on which the King set forth gradually changed into an affair of ordinary strategy and ordinary diplomacy. The final result of the war, as far as Sweden was concerned, was neither a Protestant Empire nor even a Protestant Protectorate, but the acquisition of certain detached German Duchies to be held by the Swedish Crown as fiefs of the Empire. The modern map hardly shows how utterly detached these provinces were. We are apt to fancy that Sweden from all time occupied the whole eastern half of the great Scandinavian peninsula, forgetting that Scania was Danish from the beginning, and remained Danish till some years after the Peace of Westphalia. With Scania Swedish, the step to Rügen and Pomerania seems very easy, but Rügen and Wismar and Swedish Pomerania were all acquired while Scania was still Danish. These Baltic possessions were not so completely cut off from the body of the Swedish monarchy as the Oceanic possessions of Bremen (the Duchy, not the city) and Verden, but they did not lie so naturally in the course of Swedish dominion as they did after the Peace of Oliva. Again, for the same reason, we are apt to fancy Sweden more directly threatened by the advance of the Imperial arms in Germany than it really was. Sweden was threatened, because Denmark, even if allied, would have been, as the former course of the war had proved, but a feeble protection. But with Denmark on both sides of the Sound, Sweden could hardly be touched till Denmark was swallowed up, so that Sweden had the advantage of the chapter of accidents, and had in any case Odysseus' privilege of being devoured last. The acquisition of the German Duchies no doubt made the acquisition of Scania, so desirable in any case, more desirable still. By the Peace of Oliva, Denmark was for ever cut short, while Sweden obtained a territorial extent and a general European position which events proved to be beyond her real strength. Since the Peace of Oliva her borders, up to that time constantly extending, have altered only to recede. Her outlying dependencies have been cut off one by one. Livonia, Bremen, Finland, Pomerania, all are gone, and, as Swedish possessions, their loss is in no way recompensed by the Federal union of Sweden and Norway. The decline of Sweden looks almost like the natural penalty of her seemingly unnatural greatness in the seventeenth century. We know not how far Gustavus, had his life been prolonged, would have given that greatness either a firmer position or a more dignified form. One can hardly fancy him retiring from the war with three or four German Duchies and a large sum of money as his reward. If he failed of the Empire, such a Protectorate as Archbishop Trench speaks of, even without territorial aggrandizement, would have been a prize more worthy of him. Very few men born to a crown have united so few faults to so many virtues; few men have ever so well deserved the title of hero in the highest sense of the word.

AN AMERICAN AND AN ENGLISH NOVEL.

AN ingenious American might take up the two stories now before us, and fancy that he could discover in them something typical of the differences between the two countries in which they have been produced. *The Gayworthys* is a chronicle of simple primitive life up in the hills of New England, while *Lady Flavia* is a highly-seasoned romance with plenty of detective officers in it, and corrupt aristocrats, and a sensational heroine. The one is redolent of youth and simplicity and virtue, the other is all aflame with intrigues and violence and crime. The American story, in short, is thoroughly plain and natural, while the English one is as thoroughly artificial. And even the most patriotic Briton might admit that there is something in the parallel. The heroine of the English novel is quite of the European type, and her horrible misdeeds are not such as would have occurred to the mind of an American novelist. First of all, there are no earls in the United States, and therefore a wicked and unscrupulous young lady is exempt from the temptation to murder the daughter of an earl and personate her afterwards. And in America there are so many more openings for young ladies than there are in this country that a murder for the sake of getting on in the world would be utterly gratuitous. But then it must be said, on the other hand, that crimes of this sort are not by any means the rule even in this country, and that in an ordinary way, if you meet *Lady Flavia* in society, you may feel moderately confident that she is honestly the daughter of the noble earl, her father. Although, however, we may demur to the contrast between the two books from a purely international point of view, they are still typical books in another way. Each would be very attractive to its own

set of readers, but nobody who was particularly pleased with one of them would be likely to get through the other. People who are fond of a story briskly told will find what they want in *Lady Flavia*, while those who relish something deeper and broader will not be disappointed in *The Gayworthys*. Anybody who thinks that a novel should be a vivid illustration of some philosophy of life will scarcely discover either philosophy or illustration in the doings of a young lady with a ringing laugh that invariably made the hearer start and shudder, whose "lip curled" in contempt for a snake which proved to be harmless, and who had a mysterious power of fascinating big and fierce dogs, and of controlling intractable ponies. But then, on the other hand, one gets a most wonderful insight into the nature of the lower animals. We are taught that they suffer pain from the moral turpitude of their human friends. *Lady Flavia*, for instance, had been guilty of an act of great deceitfulness, which she afterwards covered by a downright lie. While the act was going on some mile or two away, the big and fierce dog had "given a long, melancholy, whining cry, a howl at once fierce and mournful"; and when *Lady Flavia* told the lie, "the noble brute gave a deep growl like the roll of smothered thunder, and his lip curled up and showed the glistening white teeth." But *Lady Flavia*, undaunted, forced the brute to look her in the face, and then immediately "his red glowing eyes quailed before the utter fearlessness of the blue eyes that looked at them, and as the dog shrunk down, cowed, and licked the small hand of his conqueror in token of subjection, the girl patted him with contemptuous kindness." Her power over her own species was not less truly amazing. There is a shocking ruffian in the book, whose face in her presence "became red and purple, and almost black, as the dark blood rushed surging into it, and then ghastly white as fear seemed to conquer rage." He even gnawed his lip till it bled. "His mighty right hand was alternately clenched and unclenched, and his staring eyes were bloodshot; but with all this formidable show of passion, the fiercer for its being kept down, there mingled a stronger current of fear—the sort of fear that a tiger might feel for a little gilded snake of deadliest venom, on whose coils the lord of the jungle was afraid to set his foot." It is plain that the eager student of human nature has here got strange material for contemplation. A young woman who makes the blood of a ruffian grow cold, and pats a dog contemptuously on the head because it won't bite her, and curls her lip scornfully at a snake because it is harmless, is not to be met with very frequently in real life. Then, again, one gets a highly interesting glimpse of the comparative estimate of different offences among the British aristocracy. A countess, not knowing that it is murder of which the supposed *Lady Flavia* is accused, falls into a bitter state of mind on a false hypothesis of the nature of her crime. "And you who are men," she exclaimed, "and should know the world better than a woman can, you suffered that wretch to be the companion of my children," and so on. Her son at once takes her meaning, and hastens eagerly to the rescue of the calumniated *Flavia*. "On my soul," he cries, "it is not as you think—not such shame as is that which commonly furnishes the name of a guilty woman; wicked as she is, as I hope for Heaven's mercy for my own sins, I believe her to be as pure as any one that breathes on earth; her reputation is not tarnished." That is to say, she is not an improper character, but only a murderess. The mind of the countess is uncommonly relieved when she hears this, and she at once feels comparatively comfortable. A system of moral philosophy constructed on the principles which would make a murderess of exceptional atrocity a more estimable person than a girl who had fallen from righteousness in the more usual way would be deeply edifying. If the noble tenets of such a system were generally adopted, there would speedily be a startling revolution in human conduct. Meanwhile we must be content with admiring the imitation of these probable results which is given in *Lady Flavia*. At present the story is not in the least like anything that could ever happen in real life, but of course we cannot tell what changes a more advanced civilization may bring.

The writer of *The Gayworthys* sees that the staple of life is not made up of melodrama. He feels that the various motives, characters, and fates of even the obscurest present something which is really worth thinking about. Most people may be excused for taking the world as they find it. The struggle for existence occupies all the attention they can give, and as a rule extinguishes any tendency to wonder why we are here, or what is the key to all the intricacies and confusions of human condition. The fact that he is here, and that he desires certain objects, is fully as much as an ordinary man can take in or realize. That it means anything, is a thought which occurs to him but seldom and dimly. But the author of *The Gayworthys*, though scarcely attempting an answer to a question which is practically incapable of being answered, and not propounding any elaborate and comprehensive theory of life, evinces a deep sense of the slowness and incompleteness of human happiness, and displays a keen observation of the ragged fashion in which mortals weave the web of their lives. He draws no moral, but paints his picture for itself and with a peculiar force and insight. There is no plot. The book is simply a story of a family whose members fare in life very much as most of the world fares. They suffer estrangements, and they commit small sins, and some of them are selfish, and others are devoted, just as it might be with a family in real life. As the scene is laid in New England, the colouring is a little unusual to readers in Old England, but for all this it requires no great strain of imagination to transfer the story to one of the old-fashioned families in the more primitive districts of this

* 1. *The Gayworthys: a Story of Threads and Thrums*. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1865.

2. *Lady Flavia*. By the Author of "Lord Lynn's Wife." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1865.

country. The details of rural life have seldom been more deliciously described, and they are not worked in with such persistency and minuteness as to become a bore, which such details very often are. Now and then the moral reflections are commonplace, and perhaps religious talk is occasionally both too prominent and too lengthy. The frankness with which a sailor of rough exterior, but a good deal of right feeling at bottom, is made to express his disbelief in any moral government of the world, would scarcely be found in an English novel. But it is proper to remember that in New England they have a very different way of looking at religion. What to our ears sounds irreverent or indelicate is there only the expression of a very cordial and active faith. "Do you believe all them stars has got people in 'em like us?" asks a farm-servant of his sweetheart. "I should hope not exactly," she answers; "I guess the Lord's got His hands full if they have." And, after all, what seems to us a downright excess of profanity is preferable to the fool's paradise in which an English religious novelist takes care to keep both his characters and his readers. A more profoundly believing and devout spirit than that which breathes through the story before us could nowhere be found, yet the author does not shrink from making a sailor exclaim:—"I tell you it's a fine thing, and an easy thing, of a pleasant Sunday in a comfortable church, between a good breakfast and dinner, to believe pretty things about God and religion; but what if you were hungry and had no home? what if your bones were crushed and you were lying in some hospital, and nobody cared for you, and they only counted you 'a bed'? I've seen men so, shipmates. What if your whole life was nothing but one great pain?" And one of his friends is even more outspoken:—"The world's all made up of just the same stuff; I've been all over it, and God ain't nowhere in it; if He was, He wouldn't let things be as I've seen 'em." He is taken to church and hears a sermon on election, which moves him to say:—"That man stood up and explained the Almighty's secret plans. He don't mean to save everybody. Now I'm only a poor devil of a sailor, and of course I don't know; but if I came with a lifeboat to a wreck, I'd make no such half job of it. I'd save every soul on board, or I'd go down trying." It is not necessary to reproduce the arguments or the circumstances by which the sailor is brought round to a better frame of mind. But the conversion plainly could not have been so effective as it is if the difficulties had been less startlingly set forth. The careful reticence on these matters usual among ourselves has its good side perhaps, still the more outspoken fashion of a book like *The Gayworthys* has also a great deal to recommend it. Not the most timid could find fault with the author's general treatment of grave topics. If the story had been a little shorter, the majority of readers would, we should think, have liked it better. As it is, everybody who values thought in a story must agree that *The Gayworthys* is a long way out of the common run of novels. The thought may be marked by that peculiar thinness which is characteristic of nearly all American minds; still it is thought, and not mere verbiage.

DE TOCQUEVILLE'S HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS.*

MADAME DE TOCQUEVILLE has just given to the world the eighth volume of her late husband's works, containing a great variety of fragments never before published on the different topics on which his mind was habitually working. Nearly half the volume is composed of notes, more or less complete and elaborate, of chapters of the book which he proposed to write on the French Revolution. The remaining half consists of notes of journeys in the United States, England, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, and Algeria. The volume concludes with a few pages of "detached thoughts" which do not appear to us very valuable. The most important parts of the book are the incomplete chapters on the French Revolution, but many of the remarks contained in the notes of the journeys to America, England, and Ireland are highly interesting, especially to ourselves.

The chapters on the French Revolution have the great and almost unique merit, so far at least as our experience of histories of that event goes, of being written by a man who had had the patience to study with minute care the whole mechanism of the old Government, and who had the fairness to do so with an impression on his mind that it had principles and a meaning, and was not a mere heap of corruption. A very large proportion of the writers who have handled this subject treat the old Constitution of France as if it had been a mere mass of rottenness, so fundamentally bad that it both invited and rendered necessary total and immediate destruction. There is nothing of this in De Tocqueville's view of the matter. On the contrary, he had a very considerable sympathy with the old régime, and he at all events took the pains to understand its practical working and real character with a degree of minute accuracy which is almost entirely peculiar to himself. Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* show, as we pointed out some time ago (*Saturday Review*, September 19, 1863), a genuine and deep acquaintance with the old French Constitution. Sir James Stephen's *Lectures on the History of France* display, as M. de Tocqueville himself observed, a rare knowledge of the steps by which a system of centralized administration had been spread over the whole of France long before the time of Napoleon; but Burke was utterly unjust to the revolution, and the plan of Sir James Stephen's work left it

unnoticed. M. de Tocqueville, so far as we know, is the only, or nearly the only, writer who, without oratory or exaggeration, applied a sound and fair judgment of the old French Government to the purpose of interpreting and estimating the revolution. In the fragmentary chapters which form the first half of the present work we get, not indeed the vivid picture of the French Revolution which, if De Tocqueville's life had been spared, would probably have formed far the best history of that event, but a skeleton which would have been the basis of it. The first portion consists of an essay on the social and political condition of France before and after 1789, first published in the *Westminster Review* in 1836, as a translation by Mr. Mill. The general outline of this remarkable essay is already well known to most readers of De Tocqueville's works. It describes the manner in which the French noblesse had become a mere caste, invidious by reason of its privileges and social distinctions, but destitute of all political power whatever, and distinguished from the bulk of the nation only by marks which rendered it the natural object of every kind of enmity, whilst they afforded it no sort of protection. It points out, on the other hand, how the state of equality which is often supposed to have been the effect of the French Revolution in reality preceded and caused it. "It would," he says, "be a mistake to suppose that an entirely new French people proceeded from the revolution, and that it raised an edifice of which the foundation had not been laid before." The division of the land of which so much has been said in our own days was of older date than the revolution, so far at least as related to that immense proportion of it which did not belong to the aristocracy. The Church had come to be isolated from the rest of the nation, and its moral and intellectual hold upon some important classes had been greatly weakened long before the revolution. On the other hand, that convulsion destroyed only its endowments and its connection with the State, and left it in possession of a share of moral and spiritual influence which have certainly been lessened by the subsequent course of thought, but which were considerably less affected than might have been expected by the mere violence of the revolution itself. Such are the main propositions of the essay in the *Westminster Review* in 1836.

The notes for the history of the French Revolution develop and complete these views. M. de Tocqueville begins by pointing out, with a vigour which upon this particular point he does not always display, the great intellectual movement which pervaded the whole of Europe before the revolution. He has often a way of writing which leads one to think that the whole history of human affairs may be resolved into a struggle between aristocracy and democracy, and that there is nothing in life much worth thinking about except the reasons which make one form of government develop itself into or supersede another. This impression, however, is by no means just. Politics proper occupied perhaps a disproportionate space in De Tocqueville's thoughts, but he was far from being enslaved to them. He recognised quite as strongly the importance of other considerations. Thus, for instance, the first page of his first chapter contains the following paragraph:—

The idea of the greatness of man in general, and of the omnipotence of his reason, or the immeasurable extent of his lights, had penetrated into and filled all minds, and, at the same time, an unbounded contempt for the particular time in which men were living, and the particular societies to which they belonged, was mixed with this proud notion of humanity in general.

De Tocqueville had collected many curious instances of this general excitement of temper from German and other books, which certainly go far to illustrate, if it is too much to say that they prove, the fact that the French Revolution was looked on throughout Europe as the dawn of a new era. Probably the most conspicuous and picturesque of them all is the fact of the immense popularity of the secret societies which spread themselves over Europe, and which exercised a wonderful fascination over the minds of men in all classes of society, more especially in the very highest class of all. The Assembly of the Notables, and the singular way in which they connected all their recommendations with abstract principles of the most sweeping democratic kind, were the first positive manifestation in France of this vague general feeling.

On the early steps of the revolution it was very difficult even for such a writer as De Tocqueville to be original, but he appears to have found something to say even upon that subject which, if not actually new, was, at all events, invested by him with new importance. He points out the great importance of the resistance which the local Parliaments offered to the measures of the King, and in particular he describes the effect of a sort of States-General on a small scale assembled at Vizille in Dauphiné, without any authority from the Crown, but in assertion of a right which had been suspended ever since 1618. He attributes the recall of the edicts by which the Parliaments were suppressed to this assembly, and describes it as "the last time that a fact happening elsewhere than at Paris exercised a great influence over the general destinies of the country." In connection with this and some other events, De Tocqueville describes with greater force than most writers the importance of the changes which were made before the convocation of the States-General. "It is astonishing, in reading the writings of the time, to hear before 1789 of a great revolution already accomplished." The great revolution consisted, according to De Tocqueville, in the renunciation by the King of absolute power; for, in his opinion, the recall of the Parliaments amounted to nothing less than an admission of this principle. The way in which the Parliaments themselves vanished when they were no longer the representatives of opposition to the King, but only of their own

* *Mélanges; Fragments Historiques, et Notes sur l'ancien Régime, la Révolution et l'Empire. Voyages, Pensées, entièrement inédits. Paris. Œuvres complètes de Alexis de Tocqueville. Vol. 8. Paris: 1865.*

personal privileges, is already so well known that even De Tocqueville adds little to our information on this head.

Of the facts and incidents of the revolution itself there was, of course, little more to be said than was known already, and it was perhaps barely possible to add much to the speculations which have been published in endless profusion on the spirit which animated those who took a leading part in it. It is, however, curious to see how very warmly De Tocqueville himself, with all his appreciation of the faults of democracy, dwells on its noble side. The passage to which we refer is the most remarkable in the volume:—

I do not think that at any epoch in history there has been seen in any part of the world so many men so sincerely enthusiastic for the public good, so really forgetful of themselves, so absorbed in the contemplation of the common interest, so resolute in risking their dearest interests in life. This made the incomparable grandeur of the first days of 1789. All the great actions which fill the revolution rise out of this common foundation of passion, courage, and devotion. The spectacle was short, but it will never be forgotten by mankind. It is not merely the distance at which we stand from it which makes it seem great to us. It seemed so to all contemporaries. All foreign nations saw and applauded it. All were moved by it. . . . In all the crowd of contemporary memoirs which the revolution has left I have never found one on which the sight of these first days of 1789 has not left an ineffaceable mark. Everywhere it communicates the clearness, vivacity, and freshness of the emotions of youth. I venture to say that there is only one country in the world which could produce such a spectacle. I know my country. I see only too well its errors, its faults, its weaknesses, and its miseries. But I know also of what it is capable. There are enterprises which the French nation alone is able to accomplish, magnanimous resolutions which it alone is able to conceive. It only can at a given day take up the common cause and fight for it. And if it is subject to deep falls, it has sublime impulses which carry it at once to a point which no other people will ever attain.

This, on the whole, appears to us the most remarkable passage in that part of the present volume which relates to France. To know what points in the character of his nation a man of De Tocqueville's powers was really proud of is equivalent to knowing what is really the best side of the national character; and the passage which we have quoted may be accepted as something like conclusive evidence that the great excellence of the French character consists in its power of being exceedingly charmed for a short time by a brilliant prospect, and of making a sudden and violent effort to realize the prospect which it sees. There must be something exceedingly attractive in this, because in point of fact there are a great many people whom it attracts; but it certainly is not attractive to an Englishman, and we think that the English nation might say a good deal in its own behalf if called upon to show cause why it is not attracted by such a quality. The reasons are mainly two. Such a temperament implies great ignorance and great weakness. Those who can suppose, even for a moment, that so intricate a matter as the political and social relations of human nature can be summed up in a few phrases must be grossly ignorant. Those who concentrate all their force in a single desperate effort must be very weak during every part of their lives except the short time in which the force is being accumulated and the effort is being made. Moreover, it is impossible to guide and apply in any precise or accurate manner great accumulations of power suddenly expended. Each individual stroke of a pickaxe may be applied to the particular point where it is wanted. There is always a vast deal of chance about firing a cannon, and the slightest degree of deviation makes the whole explosive power of the gunpowder useless. The truth is that the ideals which the French propose to themselves are so vague and imperfect when you come to examine them, that admiration of them shows nothing but a mixture of folly and susceptibility. "Liberty," for instance, when you ask what it really means, is only the absence of restraint. It is a purely negative word, and if it be applied accurately and impartially there can be no doubt that it would involve the absence of all laws whatever. A perfectly free man is a man altogether unrestrained by any consideration, threatened by no pains and solicited by no pleasures. Such a being, as far as we can judge, would be simply inert. Restraint in the moral world is like friction in matter. Force cannot act without it. Hence neither liberty nor restraint is good in itself, but each is good or bad according to circumstances. To get enthusiastic about liberty, therefore, is like being charmed with the hole through which the steam goes in an engine. It is a necessary part of a large machine, but it is good or bad only because it is of such or such a size and shape, and is connected with other things subjected to the same conditions. Such views seem to be too complicated to enter into the ordinary French head. To see one thing at a time, to see that one thing in a strong light, and to make frantic efforts after it without the slightest regard to consequences, do not appear to us very noble characteristics in a nation.

The part of De Tocqueville's work which relates to England and America does not add very much to the observations on those countries which he had already made in other works. His speculations turn throughout on the working of the aristocratic and democratic principles, and on the way in which they explain pretty nearly every peculiarity which is to be found either in the three Kingdoms or in the United States. The most interesting parts of the book are reports of conversations which De Tocqueville held with every one who came in his way, and there are also many curious observations made at first hand upon the different institutions of the country. For instance, there are many shrewd remarks about the course of business at the assizes, and there are various accounts of particular towns, such as Manchester, of public meetings, and of other matters, which show that De Tocqueville was a keen observer. There are, however, several defects in the

book which, to an English eye, considerably diminish its value. Of these we will notice three.

In the first place, De Tocqueville's intense desire to arrive on all occasions at general principles, and to throw everything into as abstract a form as possible, led him into a good many errors of detail, and made those errors more important than they otherwise would have been. One of these errors is an odd one. He is demonstrating the proposition that English society is founded on the privileges of wealth, and he observes on this:—"A man must be rich to be a justice of the peace, lord-lieutenant, high sheriff, overseer of the poor, since these places are not paid." To transform an overseer of the poor into an aristocrat is a pretty strong measure, and the mistake is an important one, for it prevented De Tocqueville from learning the fact that it is often worth the while of quite poor men to hold petty unpaid offices in parishes on account of their interest in the rates. In the same way, he was misled by some one who told him that surveyors of highways are paid because "*ceux-là sont des industriels qui consacrent leur temps au service du public*." They belong to the very same class as the overseers, and are not paid at all. These are small enough mistakes in one respect, but in another respect they are by no means small, for statements of this kind form the foundations of very broad inferences constantly insisted on. In like manner the Bar is represented as one of the "*débouchés*" for the aristocracy. De Tocqueville was told, and seems to have believed, that no one without "*great resources*" could be a barrister, and that hence the "*competition was of necessity limited*." Any one who had any practical acquaintance with the subject could have told him that the Bar is expensive only as all liberal professions in all times and countries must be expensive. A man has to wait for practice, and to support himself till it comes in, but there is very little artificial expense in the matter. So, too, he was told, and seems to have thought, that India was "*la grande ressource*" for the aristocracy. It would probably be difficult to find in the Indian Civil Service any considerable number of aristocratic names, and now that the service is open to competition it is notorious that no one will try to get a place in it who can command moderate professional prospects at home. The truth is that the service was an outlet, not for the aristocracy, but for a particular Indian connection.

A second defect, which strikes one disagreeably in reading De Tocqueville's remarks upon different countries, and especially upon England, is a sort of sentimentality which runs through all that he says, and which is hardly worthy of so great a man. It is easier to make this remark than to prove it, for its justification is to be found, not in isolated passages, but in the style of whole chapters, or long letters, and extracts from journals. There is in much that he writes a tone of something like lamentation and repining over what is inevitable, and over what his own principles show to be inevitable, which jars on the English reader. For instance, throughout every part of the book which relates to England we have continual lamentations, not exactly expressed, but conveyed and hinted at by turns of expression and the choice of illustrations, over the power of wealth in England, and the unfortunate lot of the poor in comparison with the rich. To regret, or even to commiserate to any great extent, the results of a state of things which, in a given nation at all events, is fundamental and unalterable, is like regretting and commiserating the state of the climate or the character of the productions of the soil. England being what it is, the problem set before every English man, woman, and child is just to make the best of it on the conditions prescribed to him or her. No doubt our social position is such that wealth has amongst us a degree of political and social importance which it has nowhere else. Therefore, if an Englishman wants to be important, politically or socially, he must begin by being rich; but why need he be pitied for that? In other states of society he would have had to begin by being strong and brave, or by being clever, or something else, which would have given him a good deal of the same sort of trouble as being rich; but what does it really matter whether one form of energy or another is demanded of a man who wants to gratify his ambition? It comes to much the same in the end whether your competitive examination gives marks for one subject or another. De Tocqueville ought also to have remembered that, though the road to social importance in England lies through riches, a man may be very happy without social importance. Almost any artisan—a journeyman shoemaker, for instance—if healthy, temperate, frugal, and moderately self-denying, may hope to marry at thirty, to educate his family in his own position in life, to read a good many books and newspapers, and to save enough to be independent in his old age. Why should such a man be pitied because the odds against his sitting in Parliament are immensely great? With the agricultural labourer it is indeed another matter, but his misfortunes arise, not from the general condition of society, but from other causes which we do not think De Tocqueville, with all his shrewdness, understood very clearly.

The last defect which suggests itself to readers of De Tocqueville's works in general, and in particular to readers of his observations on America, has reference to his religious belief. In many parts of his writings, and also in his life and correspondence, it is asserted that he was a sincere Roman Catholic, but it is simply impossible to believe that he can have held the Roman Catholic creed fully and looked at human affairs from the point of view which it prescribes. The whole tone of his writings is opposed to such an opinion. He appears indeed to have resolutely divided human life into two distinct halves, the temporal and the spiritual, and, taking the spiritual half for granted, to have insisted

principally on the temporal half, its duties and principles. So thoroughly was this principle settled in his mind that he thought that every one else did the same, and accordingly, in criticizing the state of society in England and the United States, he constantly conveys the impression that both in England and America religion and common life form two distinct spheres, mutually supporting each other, but each resting on its own principles. The result of this is that he seems to think that in common life there is no necessity to consider the question whether your religion is true or not. He treats the matter entirely as one of expediency. For instance, he had a conversation with Dr. Channing, of Boston, in which the following curious passage occurs:—

"Are you not afraid," I said frankly, "that by purifying Christianity you will at last destroy its substance? I confess I am frightened at the course taken by the human mind since Catholicism. I am afraid it will arrive at last at natural religion."

"I think," said Mr. Channing, "such a result is little to be feared. The human mind needs a positive religion, and why should it abandon the Christian religion? Its proofs fear nothing from the most serious examination of reason."

"Allow me," said I, "to make an objection. It applies not only to Unitarianism, but to all the Protestant sects, and has even an important bearing in the political world. Do you not think that human nature is so constituted that, whatever improvements may be made by education and the state of society, there will always be a great number of men incapable, from the nature of their position, to employ their reason on theoretical and abstract questions, and who, if they have not a dogmatic faith, will not precisely believe anything?"

Mr. Channing answered, "The objection which you have just made is in effect the most serious of all those which can be raised against the principle of Protestantism."

Channing then went on to say, first, that religious questions were not really difficult; and next, that a Roman Catholic had to believe in the infallibility of the Church on the strength of arguments of some sort. This, says De Tocqueville, "appeared to me more specious than solid."

We do not think that Channing gave the true answer to De Tocqueville's objection, which surely is a very feeble one for so powerful a man. The answer is, that the Protestant theory no more requires that each individual for himself should "employ his reason on abstract and theoretical questions" connected with religion than a belief in astronomy implies that the person who holds it has read for himself Newton or Laplace. The difference between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic lies in the degree of confidence which they give to their guides. The Protestant says, "I will trust you as far and as long as I see cause to do so." The Roman Catholic says, "I trust you unreservedly and irrevocably." Besides this, the alternative which frightened De Tocqueville is not shown to be really disastrous. Men incapable of reasoning on abstract and theoretical questions will, it appears, "not precisely believe anything," i.e. on the questions which they cannot understand. Why should they not be contented to be ignorant? Even if they had what De Tocqueville calls a "dogmatic faith," it would come to the same thing. They would believe that Abracadabra was true, whatever Abracadabra might mean, but as to the truth asserted by Abracadabra, they "would not precisely believe anything" any more than if they were Protestants. Why, too, should not a Protestant believe that Abracadabra, whatever it meant, was true, if a person whom he believed to be better instructed than himself told him so? The remarkable point, however, about the conversation certainly is, that it sinks altogether the question of truth; yet surely there must be some true view on the subject, even if the true view is purely negative, and consists in the conclusion that nothing can be known or reasonably conjectured respecting it. Whatever the true view may be, it ought to be recognised and acted on. In politics, De Tocqueville recognised facts with surpassing honesty. Indeed, his determination to do so, even when he did not like the fact he recognised, is one of his principal claims to greatness. There is no trace, so far as we know, of a similar spirit on his part in the matter of religion. He leaves the question of truth quite out of consideration. His way of treating it constantly suggests that he really viewed positive creeds of all kinds only as more or less useful, and that he took a very narrow view of utility, neglecting the supreme importance of truth to all honesty, consistency, and freedom of conduct. This is, in our opinion, the great blot on his fame as a philosopher.

SWEDEN.*

IT is commonly said that the exports of Massachusetts consist of ice and granite; according to the "Old Bushman," the reputation of Sweden is little better, being associated in the minds of most Englishmen with snow and bears. We should be inclined to add that people in general have an impression that it was once governed by Charles XII. But we admit that the amount of popular information on the subject is strictly limited, and that the "Old Bushman" has done well in endeavouring to correct and extend our knowledge. He has not indeed produced a book which we can conscientiously recommend to general readers. Two-thirds of it are filled by a classified and descriptive list of the Swedish Fauna. It scarcely falls within the province even of a conscientious reviewer to pronounce upon the merits of such a performance, which can only be efficiently tested by making use of it in practice. We are, however, quite ready to accept the "Old Bushman's" own statement that it "con-

tains the best, if not the only complete account of the fauna of the North of Europe which has ever been laid before the British naturalist." In it will be found the names of all the Swedish beasts that came or did not come out of the ark, from the common whale, whose weight is equal to that of 88 elephants or 440 bears, or indeed from his fossil relative who was twenty-seven times heavier and larger (that is, as we calculate, equal to 2,376 elephants or 11,880 bears), down to the dormouse, from the golden eagle to the wren, and from the salmon to the stickleback. The remaining third of the book is devoted to an account of the manners and customs, agriculture, and statistics of the country, and contains a considerable quantity of that useful information of which the prefaces of guide-books are generally composed. The proportions in which the volume is divided between these two branches of inquiry probably represent their relative value in the mind of the author. He resided in Sweden, it seems, for ten years, during which time he employed himself chiefly in forming collections in natural history. His remarks, however, will be useful, not only to those who are ready to follow in his steps and devote their lives to preserving eggs and skins, but also to the more cursory traveller in search of new ground for a summer trip. We confess that the account which he gives of the country does not sound specially attractive to us, although he always speaks of the people themselves with strong liking. The "Old Bushman," although he has wandered in many countries, retains a very fair allowance of old English prejudices. He digresses, with the weakness of a writer approaching a favourite topic, into a rather irrelevant eulogy of British boxing. He does not, he condescends to say, "complain of the manner in which foreigners fight"; he will back a good Englishman with his fists against any one man; but he evidently considers the prize-ring to be an ennobling institution, which foreigners are incapable of appreciating. The old fashion in Sweden was to fight as "Balt spannare"; that is, two men were buckled together by a strap round their waists, and left to fight it out with their knives. A statue representing such a contest was in the English Exhibition of 1862, and the "Old Bushman," on the day of its erection in Gothenburg, saw a group of Swedish fishermen standing admiringly round the original, each man with his knife by his side. He was extremely gratified by an undesigned coincidence; the same day he found the crew of an English ship gazing fondly at a picture of the battle between Tom King and Jem Maco. As a work of art, the picture was probably somewhat inferior to the statue, but the "Old Bushman" naturally inferred that his countrymen would be more likely to give him fair play in a row. The Englishman who goes about the world exultant over our national prowess with the fists does not generally shake down well with the foreign population. The "Old Bushman," however, fraternized heartily with his Swedish friends, though evidently not holding them to be the equals of Englishmen. He took a room in a Swedish farmhouse, for which he paid 3*l.* a year. He speaks with satisfaction of the prints of steeplechasing, boxing, and rowing which conveyed to the benighted natives some glimmering notions of English life, and his intellectual intercourse with more civilized countries was kept up by a regular supply of the *Field* and *Bell's Life*. His communications being thus kept open, he would have been able to settle comfortably down in the country but for a constant longing to be back to the Australian bush. Swedish life in itself strikes us as somewhat dreary. During the summer, the pursuit of a favourite hobby is enough to make a man happy anywhere. In winter, however, there is no sport to be had, or it must be obtained at such a price that the game would be hardly worth the candle. A Northern forest in winter is not a cheerful place of residence, and even the occasional ecstacy of shooting a bear would be dearly purchased if your prospect for five or six months were to be confined to snow and pines. The bears show their sense by hibernating, and the "Old Bushman" says that a sportsman in the forest districts ought to be able to sleep from November to March, and wake from March to November.

The inhabitant, however, of the more settled districts is compensated for his dreary winter by the extreme hospitality of the natives. The "Old Bushman" is enthusiastic about the kindness of the ladies, and all classes are kind to foreigners, and specially kind to Englishmen. Even a doctor once refused to take a fee after attending him for three weeks, on the ground that he was a stranger; showing how far Sweden is behind more frequented districts. A Chamouni surgeon last year made exactly the same circumstance a reason for charging 2*ol.* for simply replacing a shoulder put out of joint. Probably, if our fellow-countrymen extend their rambling propensities into Sweden, this virtue of extreme hospitality will become rare. Kindly as the "Old Bushman" found his Swedish friends, he cannot help expressing a certain contempt for their athletic deficiencies. As he has pointed out, they do not know how to box; and this is only indicative of more general failings. We look in vain, he says, for the "hardy sons of the North," of whom we have heard so much. An Englishman is able to stand as much cold in his pea-jacket as a Swede in his fur cloak, and is capable of harder exercise. The Swedes do not, hard as it may be to credit, play cricket or football. A few of them skate and swim, but with little emulation. We should naturally look in so well-watered a country for a good eight-oared crew or two, and yet the "Old Bushman" never saw an amateur crew but once; and the ship in which they rowed is now laid up high and dry in Gothenburg. The great difficulty in the way of athletic sports is that a Swedish gentleman almost necessarily passes the

* *Ten Years in Sweden*. By an "Old Bushman." London: Groombridge & Sons. 1865.

winter in a state of inaction. He lives entirely in rooms heated by stoves to a temperature of over 70° Fahrenheit, and with all the windows blocked up. He never thinks of taking a walk; his meals are in defiance of all the rules laid down by Captain Barclay, to say nothing of Mr. Banting. He drinks brandy before every repast, and takes a regular nap after dinner. Perhaps it is not wonderful that the "Old Bushman" saw a good many more extremely jovial faces than figures suited to athletic exercise. They are sociable, and given to set the long winter at defiance by innumerable balls and card-parties. In short, the Swedes in the "Old Bushman's" opinion—and he probably expresses the average opinion of his fellow-countrymen—are most excellent fellows, but just a little too mild and gentle to suit an English taste. With all possible respect for the German races generally, and with even a frank admission of their superiority to us in many points, an Englishman, if he candidly expresses his opinion, must usually admit that a certain not unkindly contempt is lurking somewhere in his mind. They are learned, and good-hearted, and everything that is amiable, but somehow rather flabby in muscle; they are wanting in what is expressively known as "devil," and, with due deference to theologians, it may be said that some dash of the diabolic element is a useful ingredient of a man's character.

The "Old Bushman," though he gives much useful advice to gentlemen who visit Sweden for sporting purposes, does not seem to have devoted much time to sport pure and simple, being principally engaged in increasing and arranging his collections. He never killed a bear, though he informs us that the yearly average of bears killed in Sweden from 1849 to 1859 was 117; and a certain Norwegian pastor asserts that he has a hill in his parish where a man may be certain of seeing a bear any day. They are chiefly shot in the winter, and the method adopted is to discover the place where they have taken up their winter quarters. As they do not generally retire till after the snow is set in, a man can follow the bear's traces until from his zigzag course it appears that he is near his hiding-place. His pursuer then makes a ring in the forest, and if he does not again meet the track he knows that the bear is within the circle. A bear being once ringed, you can buy him for 5*l.* or 10*l.*, and have nothing more to do but to find him and kill him—a process which the "Old Bushman" appears to consider as a certainty. The alternative is sometimes presented that the bear may kill you. Should the beast be only wounded by your fire and charge, you are generally too much encumbered with the snow to have any chance of evasion. The only thing to do is to throw yourself on the ground and "play possum," leaving the rest to Providence. An English gentleman who pursued this plan—Mr. Lloyd, who recounted his adventures in "Northern Field Sports"—found it answer pretty well. The bear, it is true, chewed him all over, but did not inflict any very serious injury, because his teeth were worn out. He also made a brilliant attempt at scalping his victim, which failed from Mr. Lloyd's hair being cut short. Finally, he succeeded in getting the whole of Mr. Lloyd's skull into his mouth. The sensation of his fangs slowly grating over the bare skull is described as similar to the crunch one feels from the extraction of a tooth. The attention of the beast was diverted by a dog, after gnawing and chewing Mr. Lloyd for some time as a small boy treats a piece of sugar-candy. Mr. Lloyd observes that after this he thought himself more hurt than he was in reality, "and disabled for the day at least." He was able, however, to walk seven or eight miles home, and four days afterwards to start upon a new expedition.

The greater number of the "Old Bushman's" remarks which are not devoted to natural history refer to agriculture. He thinks that it might possibly be worth while for an intelligent English farmer to settle in Sweden, although he confesses that the country can hold out few attractions in comparison with the English colonies; and considering the rather stolid nature of the British agriculturist, he would require very strong inducements to plant himself in a foreign land. Agriculture appears to be in a backward state in Sweden, which is explained principally by the labour system. The small proprietors are, as elsewhere, a stubborn and immoveable race. The larger proprietors generally occupy their own land; it is cultivated by day-labourers called "torfare," who have a small piece of land and a cottage, paid for, not in money, but labour. As these cottiers have little or no capital, their own land is generally in a wretched state, and they grudge labour to their employer. The system seems to be a cumbrous and ineffectual relic of more ancient times. The great agricultural wealth of Sweden consists in its pine forests, which are to it what coal is to England. As in the case of the coal, they are disappearing with a rapidity that causes some alarm. It is calculated that in 130 years the present careless system of management would cause them to be entirely extirpated, which will be unpleasant for our great-great-grandsons. But for the statistics of this and many other matters, are they not written in the "Old Bushman's" book? Although they make it far from light reading, they are valuable to those who wish, for any reason, to "post themselves up" in Swedish affairs.

MR. GROTE'S PLATO.*

(Second Notice.)

SO many, and in some cases so abstruse, are the questions, ethical, metaphysical, and historical, which Mr. Grote raises and discusses in these volumes, that it is not possible here to do

more than touch upon a few of the more prominent. Among these, that which occurs first, and recurs most frequently, is one with which readers of the *History of Greece* are already familiar. Every one remembers how, in chapter lxvii., Mr. Grote came forward, against the whole weight of ancient and modern authority, to defend from Plato's attacks the class of persons whom the Greeks called Sophists, and whom he prefers to term professional teachers or lecturers. In this book he returns to the charge with undiminished ardour, not repeating the whole of the case as formerly stated, but supporting it by numberless comments, quotations, illustrations, all of them tending to prove—and, as we think, sufficiently proving—that to the Athenian public Socrates himself was no more than a Sophist, and that the so-called Sophistic morality was in no respect below par. Looking at his plea for the Sophists generally, as it is contained in both works, none but a bigoted opponent can deny that it rendered real and great services to the history of philosophy as well as to the history of the Greeks. It was original, for it set facts which everybody knew or might have known in a wholly new light; it swept away a mass of conventional twaddle, and it did a great deal incidentally to make us understand the state of Greek thought and society in Socratic Athens. It destroyed the fancy that there was such a thing as a sect or tribe of Sophists; it showed that the individual Sophist did not teach, and could not have taught, immorality; that there is no ground for supposing him to have been an empty-headed and pretentious man, and that public opinion did not brand him as a member of a degraded and mercenary class. Mr. Grote might, indeed, have gone in one respect even further, and claimed for the Sophists something more. Although exercising a far less considerable corrupting influence upon the Athenian youth than commentators have been wont to suppose, their position in the history of philosophy is highly significant and interesting. They represent the first attempt to bring abstract thought into connection with life and social questions. They mark the transition from the early Ionic and Italian speculators, with their vaguely grand theories about nature and the origin of things, to the ethics and logic of the post-Platonic schools. They are the necessary forerunners of Socrates; nay, more, they are the class of which Socrates himself is only the most conspicuous member. As Mr. Grote truly remarks, even Plato is more than once on the point of admitting this, and is forced to resort to an artifice that he may not have to confess it. Bitter as he is against the Sophists, he is not so bitter or so contemptuous as commentators have usually represented him. Protagoras, in particular, is treated with marked respect, and there is no ground for assuming, as it is the fashion to do, that the author of the *Dialogues* meant to put the truth into the mouth of Socrates, and all the falsehood and fallacy into that of his opponent. The antithesis is often rather between the rhetorical method of the Sophist, with his long set speeches, and the short sharp cross-questioning practised by Socrates, than between the absolute merit of the doctrines which they respectively uphold. All this we freely concede to Mr. Grote. But it does not therefore follow, as he seems disposed to assume, that the case is settled in his clients' favour, and that the Sophists may be suffered to stand on a level little lower than that of Socrates, or his great disciple. It is out of a class that the destroyer of that class arises, and it was the mission of Socrates, himself a Sophist in the eyes of the Athenians, to sweep the Sophists away by founding new schools with nobler aims. The distinction between their sale of knowledge for money and his free conversation with all comers may not seem much in itself, but it is a type of the profound difference in the moral purpose of Socrates on the one hand, and of Protagoras, Gorgias, and Hippias on the other. To say that the Sophists represented the average morality of Greece is something more than a defence; it is a condemnation. Those who come before the world as wise men and teachers ought not to have nothing better than average morality to offer. The Sophists, while destroying the ancient conventional and popular ethics, do not seem to have striven to replace them, either by an absolute morality such as Plato's is taken to be, or by a prudential morality like that which Mr. Grote supposes the historical Socrates to have had glimmerings of, and which was afterwards developed into a system by Epicurus. Not truth and goodness, but profit and fame, were, according to Aristotle and Plato, the first objects in the typical Sophist's mind; he is not to be blamed for seeking these, but for not also seeking the others. And if it be said that Plato and Aristotle were themselves in error, led away by personal jealousies, it can only be answered that, where it comes to be a question between these men whom we do not know and the two philosophers whom all later generations venerate, not merely as men of surpassing genius, but as the teachers of a high and pure morality, we are bound to believe Plato and Aristotle in the right. Wherefore, if the Sophist be not the fiend whom the German commentators paint, neither on the other hand is he a figure upon whom it is possible to look with complacent satisfaction. He is associated with the decadence of Greek political virtue and of Greek poetry. Himself the inevitable result of the time, he yet contributes to foster its errors; he stimulates while he feeds the overmastering passion for personal distinction which was the besetting sin of the greatest men of Greece; he represents the passage from the severe simplicity of early poetry and eloquence to the *ἀνεπίτητος* *Μεσοί* under whose stifling embrace poetry expired and eloquence dwindled into rhetoric. We need not hate, but we can never applaud him.

* *Plato and the other Companions of Socrates.* By George Grote, F.R.S., Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. London: John Murray. 1865.

Of one of the chief services which Mr. Grote's book is calculated to render we have already spoken; we mean his cogent and oft-repeated arguments against the attempt to force Plato's doctrines into a formal system. Far removed as his elaborately studied Dialogues seem to be from the deliverances of Heraclitus—abrupt, obscure, oracular—they are in essence not less unlike the set treatise in which a modern philosopher propounds his system. To Plato the method was at least as precious as the result, and the result itself is seldom enounced dogmatically. It is only the probable conclusion to which a certain set of facts point, while another set, stated in another Dialogue, overset it or propose some other solution in its place. This, as Mr. Grote says, was just what Plato wished; he had certain fixed tendencies, and a mental idiosyncrasy which gave a generic resemblance to all his reasonings, but he never meant or desired to have a body of views which should hang perfectly together. He held that there was such a thing as absolute truth, and that it might be reached by one who, with a strong original genius, devoted sufficient time and pains to pursuing it by the right path. But the preconditions are always represented as excessively rare and difficult, and nowhere, not even amid the dogmatism of the *Laws*, is there a positive assertion of any single truth as having been reached by this dialectic, which is yet the only possible method. Nor does this uncertainty, so puzzling to a modern reader, arise from the fact that Plato's teaching, like his master's, was primarily oral, and that his Dialogues were written for friends, not printed for the world at large. It is due to the character of his own mind, being indeed the chief of all his claims to the admiration of posterity. He was one of those who are greater than the greatest of their works; he could have constructed a score of systems, and stood apart to see the weaknesses of all; he was above believing in any system, for with all his logical keenness his own mind was too imaginative and emotional to be satisfied by mere logical consistency. Justly, therefore, does Mr. Grote reprehend the attempts of generation after generation of Platonists who have insisted on cutting down and patching up their master's doctrines into an artificial harmony which they were never meant to pretend to. Yet, at the same time, we cannot but think that he sometimes forgets his own principle—censuring inconsistencies which he has told us to expect, and arguing against some particular doctrine of Plato's because it cannot be reconciled with the views of another dialogue. Thus he contrasts the onslaught in the *Theætetus* upon the Protagorean dogma, "Man is the measure of all things," with the strong assertions elsewhere of the right of the individual to a free self-guided development, although, in combating Protagoras, Plato's object is to deny that all truth is relative, not that the peculiarities of the individual are to be ignored. Some of his arguments, it is true, may appear to be inconsistent with those of the Dialogues in which Socrates claims his right to do as he thinks fit; but this does not prevent the main scope of each line of reasoning from being good in its place. The reconciliation, in this case not especially difficult, may for the moment be neglected. So, too, the asceticism of the *Phædon* is contrasted with the enthusiastic exaltation of Love of the *Phædrus* and *Symposium*. The difference is marked, yet it is a difference, and not a contradiction; the two veins of thought have each their value from their own premises, and the acceptance of one, supposing the acceptance of anything so fanciful possible, would modify but not destroy the value of the other. So again, in the *Republic*, it is objected to the proof of the superior and perfect happiness of the just man, that as the just man is by hypothesis the philosopher who has been sketched out in the preceding part of the dialogue, he will not be happy out of the special society which Plato has created for him, but will be, like Socrates, exposed to the suspicions and attacks of his fellow-countrymen. Now, although it is part of Plato's thesis that perfect justice belongs only to the philosopher in the perfect state, yet in speaking of actual states he may fairly be taken to speak also of actual just men, in the ordinary acceptance of the term; and the persons whom the Athenian public would single out as such would practically be the same as those to whom the philosopher would apply the name. Several similar cases might be adduced from other parts of Mr. Grote's book, in which, while he does well in pointing out the inconsistency, whether real or apparent, he seems too much inclined to consider it as an argument against the value of one view or the other in itself. To Plato all views have their value, since all must be examined before the truth can be reached; and we can seldom tell which of two opposed views he would have chosen had the election been forced upon him.

Connected with this tendency on Mr. Grote's part there is another which might possibly mislead an inexperienced reader. He brings before us in the most clear and forcible manner the two lines in which Plato's mind works—the dialectical and negative on the one hand, the imaginative and constructive on the other. But in practice he does not always allow sufficiently for the exuberance of Plato's genius when it is working in the latter—for the fulness of detail which his rich poetical passion for invention supplies, and which his notion of artistic finish demands. Sometimes these qualities fairly overpower his sober judgment; sometimes they only lead him into digressions and amplifications, delightful in a literary point of view, but of slender philosophical value. Very often Plato really does not know whether he is jesting or not, as, for instance, in the extraordinary etymologies of the *Cratylus*, which Mr. Grote is disposed to take as in the main serious.

Still more frequently he is only following his fancy in stating what may be true, what is at least plausible enough to be worth saying, but to which he is far from intending to pledge himself. In the *Republic* and the *Laws*, where (especially in the former) he is not bound by any practical limitations, he indulges this tendency to the utmost, filling up the picture more as an artist than as a statesman. Altogether, indeed, it may be said that Plato's remarks, profound and ingenious as they often are, are far less valuable in themselves than in his way of saying them. A page of Aristotle tells us a great deal more than a page of Plato, but it does not make us find out so much for ourselves. In Plato, therefore, above almost all other writers, is it necessary to eschew the letter, and seek to catch a portion of the spirit.

There is much more in Mr. Grote's book of which we would willingly have spoken. Passing from a general view into details, it would have been interesting to have examined his views of the Ideal theory; to have shown how he contrasts the Protagoras with the Gorgias, the *Phædon* with the *Phædrus*; to have stated his peculiarly valuable criticisms upon the political doctrines of the *Republic* and the *Laws*; to have quoted his remarks on the strange cosmical theories of the *Timæus*. But any one of these must have been discussed fully to be worth discussing at all, and we must therefore be content to refer readers to Mr. Grote's book itself. To students of ancient philosophy it is indispensable. They will find in it an abundance of searching criticism, always well considered, always direct and practical, interspersed with ingenious remarks upon a wide range of historical as well as philosophical subjects. Coming as this criticism does from a mind itself distinctly un-Platonic, it has all the greater value. Plato is, of all authors, the one whom his commentators have chiefly delighted to worship, and therefore such adverse criticism as Mr. Grote's is peculiarly useful, even in England, where the national mind has been, for two centuries at least, little disposed towards Platonism. Saying "adverse," let our meaning be clearly understood. Mr. Grote is full of admiration for Plato's genius; he is able to see and willing to acknowledge the variety and compass of his powers, and the extent of his services to human thought. While he avoids the error of those who bid us chiefly dwell on the style and dramatic beauty of the Dialogues, rather than on their philosophical substance, he is even further removed from the dullness which would look in Plato for nothing but direct propositions, or from the pettiness of those who think that in degrading him they exalt his great disciple, and the so-called practical philosophy which they themselves prefer. But intellectually he is very little of a Platonist, seeking as he does something which is to be not only tangible and practical, but capable of clear expression in language, and of a proof which every man of common sense can understand. Seeing that a great deal of Plato's power consists in a sort of spiritual exaltation, and that his philosophical doctrines, although not vague, are often indefinite and hard to grasp, always meant to prove themselves, yet sometimes able to impress the imagination when they do not convince the reason, it may easily be supposed that Mr. Grote finds a great deal to criticize, and even to reprehend as harmful. We do not of course say—Mr. Grote himself would be the last person in the world to say—that he has exhausted Plato, or given a perfect exposition of his meaning; for just as no dramatist can create a character greater than himself, so no mind of the first order can be fully understood or explained to others by any but an equal and kindred genius. He does not, as we think, dwell quite sufficiently upon the more purely metaphysical and speculative side of Plato's philosophy, nor bring into the requisite prominence, in its influence upon that philosophy as a whole, Plato's intense poetical and moral fervour. And we cannot but regret that he has not summed up in two or three concluding chapters the general results of his minute inquiry. But, after all deductions made, his book remains immeasurably the best book upon Greek philosophy that has appeared in England for many years. Dr. Whewell is an able man, and there is mixed up with the rhetoric of Professor Archer Butler's Lectures a great deal of really valuable matter. But one might almost as well put Sir Archibald Alison beside Macaulay or Dean Milman, as compare Dr. Whewell's or Professor Butler's labours upon Plato with those of Mr. Grote. Every one who opens this book can see that it is the work of a powerful mind which, having set before itself a high ideal of perfection, has thought no pains too great to be expended in carrying out its scheme. But only those who have carefully followed Mr. Grote through the long array of Dialogues which he examines are in a position to value, as they deserve to be valued, a learning which never degenerates into pedantry; an appreciative spirit which does not disparage even what it condemns as erroneous; an earnest sobriety of thought which is never carried away by poetical rhapsodies, nor repelled by the appearance of jest or triviality; a penetration which finds something worth noting in the most unlikely quarters, and never loses sight of its direct practical aim. As, in concluding his *History of Greece*, Mr. Grote promised us the treatise on Plato which lies before us, so does he now hold out to us the prospect of a similar work upon the philosophy of Plato's great successor. We trust that this promise, too, may be in time fulfilled, and that England may have another occasion to feel proud of one who has done so much to maintain her reputation in the eyes of Europe.

JEWITT'S LIFE OF WEDGWOOD.*

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his eloquent lecture on Ceramic Art delivered last year at Burslem, complained, not without reason, that no good Life of Wedgwood had ever been written. At that very moment, however, two rival biographers were in the field. Both of them were, of course, much encouraged by Mr. Gladstone's emphatic testimony to the interest of their labours, and both have striven hard to merit his approbation. The results are now partially before us. Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt has completed his task in the handsome and profusely illustrated volume which forms the subject of our present notice. His competitor, Miss Meteyard, with true feminine prolixity, treats her subject in two still larger volumes, only one of which is yet published. The two works curiously resemble each other, as well in their ornamental exteriors as in their scope, limits, and execution. We do not propose to institute a careful comparison of the two. Mr. Jewitt's work, as being complete, seems to deserve the first notice. It will be time enough to take Miss Meteyard's book in hand when its second volume shall have appeared.

Wedgwood's place in art-history could not be rightly understood without some preliminary inquiries into the state of ceramic manufactures in England before his time. Mr. Jewitt shows satisfactorily—what some have denied, and more have been ignorant about—that the district of North Staffordshire now known as the Potteries has been for many ages the seat of a large fictile industry. Wedgwood did not make the Potteries; he only developed an existing trade. This, indeed, might have been known by readers of Plot's *Staffordshire*. Our author, who will be known to some of our readers as an archaeologist of some eminence, and the editor of the *Reliquary*, has had good opportunities of studying the remains of Celtic, Roman, and Anglo-Saxon pottery that have been exhumed from the innumerable barrows and ancient sepulchres of the North Midland counties of England. Of these he gives us a very interesting series of illustrations, arranged chronologically, as specimens of the earliest manufactures of the Staffordshire Potteries. Next, he describes some remains of pottery of Norman date, and so on down to the seventeenth century, and the years immediately preceding Wedgwood's birth. Anything more hideous than some dishes by one Ralph Toft, which are here delineated, cannot be imagined. Ceramic art had certainly reached its bathos in the century before Wedgwood appeared on the scene. Mr. Jewitt shows, both by documents and by examples, that the family of Wedgwoods had been long settled at Burslem as potters. A "puzzle-jug," signed "John Wedgwood, 1691," has lately been added to the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street. From the beginning of the following century a manifest improvement in design, and in the manufacture itself, may be observed. Astbury discovered the use of flint in 1720, and among the names of inventors who took out patents occurs that of Dr. Thomas Wedgwood. "The great Josiah," as Mr. Jewitt, very absurdly, repeatedly calls his hero, was the youngest of thirteen children born to Thomas Wedgwood and Mary Stringer. The date of his birth is 1730. His father occupied the pot-works adjoining Burslem Church, and the son was employed therein, as a "thrower," from a very early age. Left an orphan when only nine years old, young Wedgwood, who inherited nothing but a legacy of twenty pounds, to be paid when he came of age, was apprenticed to his eldest brother. Nothing more is known of his boyhood, except that he suffered a severe attack of small-pox which led in the end to the amputation of one leg. The boy was incapacitated by the illness for the mechanical part of the potter's craft, and may thus, as Mr. Gladstone felicitously suggests, have been led to devote himself more entirely to the higher aspects of the art. His first experiments seem to have been in the methods of colouring earthenware by metallic calces. When his apprenticeship was over, he is found manufacturing, on his own account, mottled earthenware knife-handles for the Sheffield cutlers, in imitation of agate and tortoiseshell. In 1754, entering into partnership with Whieldon, then the most eminent potter of the time, Wedgwood first produced his green ware. Five years later this partnership was ended, and Wedgwood, returning to Burslem, began business on his own account. Here, as we are told, though no authority for the statement is given, "he superintended the production of every article" himself, in spite of his feeble health. He made tortoiseshell and marble plates, ornamental flower-vases, white-ware medallions, and green-glazed earthenware, in preference to the staple articles of manufacture in the district. Before long, his incessant experiments resulted in the production of what is called his Queen's-ware—that beautiful, highly-glazed, cream-coloured earthenware so familiar to collectors. This discovery happily brought him fortune, and expanded enormously the trade of the whole Potteries district; for Wedgwood never (except in one instance) guarded his inventions by patent, but permitted all the neighbouring potters to imitate his wares as well as they could. Five years after his establishment at Burslem, Josiah married Sarah Wedgwood, a distant cousin, and a very considerable heiress. There is evidence that he interested himself in the social welfare of his neighbours, that he established schools for the children of his workpeople, and that he laboured earnestly, not only for the improvement of the roads of the district, but for

the formation of the Grand Trunk Canal for joining the Mersey and the Trent. How necessary it was for the growing trade of the Potteries that easy means of carriage should be provided may be seen from the fact that, although coal and the commoner clays were easily to be obtained in Staffordshire, flint was imported from Hull, and the finer clays from Cornwall and Dorsetshire. The immediate result of the opening of the canal was the reduction of the freight of goods from fifty shillings to thirteen shillings a ton.

The next discovery that rewarded Wedgwood's chemical experiments was that of the unglazed black or basaltic porcelain, in which he at once began to imitate the more famous vases of antiquity. Other new wares of his invention were the cane-coloured or bamboo ware, and the jasper. As his trade grew, it became necessary to build larger works, and accordingly, in 1766, he purchased a neighbouring estate, where he founded a new town, to which he gave the name of Etruria. At the same time he entered into partnership with one Thomas Bentley. Mr. Jewitt takes credit for discovering the Christian name and the true parentage of this person, and for disproving the common idea that he was connected with Richard Bentley the critic. Bentley was a man of much ability and energy, but a religious enthusiast. It seems that he was the founder of a short-lived sect of Presbyterians who called themselves "Octagonians," from the octagonal shape of the meeting-house which was built for them at Liverpool. Afterwards, when settled in London, he co-operated with David Williams, the Universalist, in founding that chapel in Margaret Street which after so many changes has at last developed into the beautiful church of All Saints. He was a vehement opponent of slavery; and the famous medallion representing a chained negro, with the motto "Am I not a man and a brother," was issued by Wedgwood during this partnership. The first products of the works at Etruria were completed in 1769. They were copies of noted Etruscan vases, with encaustic paintings on a black ground.

Meanwhile, another inquirer, William Cookworthy, had discovered in Cornwall the proper materials for true porcelain. He established works at Bristol, and secured his rights by a patent. Ultimately, however, this manufactory failed, probably from the absence of coal on the spot; and the patent rights were sold to a Staffordshire company, who transferred the works to the Potteries. Wedgwood, however, continued to devote his skill almost exclusively to earthenware. Now, too, he first engaged Flaxman as a designer, who owes no small part of his fame to the intelligent patronage of the great potter. Mr. Jewitt has printed some of Flaxman's bills for modelling, from which it appears that the sculptor was very handsomely remunerated. For instance, he was paid 23*l.* for a bas-relief of "Hercules in the Gardens of the Hesperides." Wedgwood's greatest triumph—the production of an accurate copy of the Portland, or Barberini, vase—is chronicled in the year 1790. Connoisseurs in ceramic art will follow Mr. Jewitt's minute details with interest, and even those who are neither connoisseurs nor collectors may learn much from the numerous illustrations with which this volume is adorned. It is not possible to describe earthenware or porcelain in an intelligible manner without the aid of pictures. Wedgwood amassed a large fortune, and died at Etruria, at the age of sixty-five, in 1795.

Among the medallion portraits manufactured by Wedgwood, from the designs of Flaxman and others, few are better than those of himself. The second of these in chronological order is still produced by the firm of Wedgwood in jasper ware. Four different medallions, besides the bas-relief of his bust from his monument at Stoke-upon-Trent, are here engraved. For the guidance of the collectors of English pottery this volume will be invaluable. In particular, by his careful table of the impressed marks used by Wedgwood and his successors, Mr. Jewitt enables us to decide with almost minute accuracy the date and authenticity of any specimen of the Etruria manufactures. For example, the possessors of any ware impressed with the stamp "Wedgwood" may be assured that the specimen was made, not by the true Wedgwoods, but by the rival firm of Smith and Company of Stockton. But what it seems impossible to determine is whether a given article of Wedgwood ware is ancient or modern. We are told that now, seventy years after the founder's death, the Etruria works continue to produce the same vessels "from the self-same moulds." In fact, Mr. Jewitt declares that "the vases, the medallions, the services, and all the other goods which he made seventy, eighty, or ninety years ago may be, and are, daily reproduced for customers of the present time." However, this concerns "collectors," and not ordinary users of crockery. Beautiful as Wedgwood's productions were, and enormously beneficial as was his inventive energy, not only to the Staffordshire Potteries, but to all England, his works possess now little more than a historical and archaeological value. Other great potters, among whom the late Mr. Minton's name stands forth conspicuously, have since Wedgwood's time still further extended the triumph of English ceramic art. Indeed, there is no place in England in which the true art of design and ornamentation is better understood, and more successfully practised, than in the Staffordshire Potteries. This is due in no small degree to the example of Wedgwood himself; and the Wedgwood Memorial Institute now rising in Burslem is a fitting tribute to the honour of that great and good man. We can warmly commend Mr. Jewitt's volume, only expressing our regret that the author has not been more concise in his style and more on his guard against unnecessary repetitions.

* The Wedgwoods: being a Life of Josiah Wedgwood; with Notices of his Works and their Productions, Memoirs of the Wedgwood and other Families, and a History of the Early Potteries of Staffordshire. By Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A. London: Virtue Brothers & Co. 1865.

FOLIA SILVULÆ.*

IN a little volume by Dr. Donaldson on "Classical Scholarship and Classical Learning," we remember to have met with a passing statement, that neither in later times nor in the middle ages were scholars on the Continent as successful cultivators of Latin and Greek verse composition as those of our own land. One or two proofs of this were given in a learned note which, while it did justice to Scaliger and Heinsius, exposed with much plainness of speech the false quantities and solecisms of Germans professing to be "somewhat" in scholarship. Yet it required all our faith in the learned doctor's information and judgment to convince us that our case as against foreigners was so good as he made it appear, and the remembrance of some Latin verses by eminent English worthies, which would hardly pass muster now-a-days, gave colour to a suspicion that we were reading a somewhat partial testimony. True, we could set Cowley and Milton, Dobson the translator of *Paradise Lost* and the poet Gray, against any picked four whom the rest of Europe could play against all England. But what of the lesser names of past generations, more or less connected, in a country where a "liberal" has always meant a classical education, with the scholarly practice of turning English poetry into Greek and Latin? The question finds a solution in the work before us, and that solution justifies the doctor's statement. By no means the least merit of the volume which Dr. Hubert Holden has given to the world under the title of *Folia Silvulæ* is this—that, actuated by a patriotic spirit, he has done justice to our classical forefathers no less than to contemporary scholars. A careful survey of his interesting collection will enable any one who cares to do so to test century with century as regards Latin and Greek verse composition in England, and will lead to the conviction that our countrymen have at all times cultivated this branch of scholarship, the best indication of accurate and grammatical classical knowledge, with marked superiority over other nations. And though at this day utilitarianism threatens to revolutionize our educational systems, and none can say what may be the effect of multifarious additions to the "curriculum," there is at least no need to despair when there is still found amongst us so goodly an array of living scholars to write Latin verse with as much facility as the very foremost of their predecessors in this line, and assuredly with far more finish. The introduction of the Latin verses of past generations, "undique conquisitis cujuscunque sæculi, quæ modo aliquid leporis habere videntur, versionibus" (see Preface, p. 5), is a creditable distinction of this volume, in which it would not have been surprising had the editor been content to exhibit proofs of present culture only. He has rendered it infinitely more interesting by the addition to which reference has been made. Some of the names of translators, more or less antique as compared with our day, are of course generally known to us as those of scholars—for example, Andrew Marvell, Sir Thomas More, Atterbury, Addison, Lowth, Jortin, C. Smart, and others. Of Vincent Bourne most people have some knowledge beyond his fellow-translators; but few have any acquaintance with the verses of Samuel Bishop, an old master of Merchant Taylors', who published a volume of *Ferie Poeticæ*. All these and many more are adequately represented in the *Folia Silvulæ*, so as to do no discredit to the pretensions of our predecessors in the field of classical translation; and in common with later worthies, such as Gilbert Wakefield and Sir William Jones, they are shown to have been more than mere names in the arena of scholarship. The Sapphic version by Gilbert Wakefield of the epitaph in Gray's *Elegy* (see No. 97) is a sample of the editor's judicious unearthing of things old and laid by; as is also the translation into Greek elegiacs by Sir W. Jones of Oldys's lines beginning

Busy, curious, thirsty fly.—(No. 117.)

In p. 91 we meet with a translation into Latin elegiacs of part of the "Song of Solomon," by a comparatively unknown man, Arthur Johnston, M.D., Provost of Aberdeen University in 1637, which in most points, as to Latinity and versification, would bear comparison with the best modern Latin verses. Rightly, too, has the editor been liberal in his specimens of Dobson's "Paradisus Amissus," as well as of his less-known version of "Solomon de mundi vanitate," a translation of Prior's "Solomon." No labour of this kind invites our admiration more than that of this devoted and persevering translator; none conduces to so high an estimate of the cultivation of the Latin Muse in his day. Samples are given of the verse of two other translators of Milton, Thomas Power and Matthew Bold, both alumni of Cambridge. Oxford has no reason to be ashamed that she nurtured Dobson. It is only just to add that, interspersed with the translations by Englishmen past and present, in these pages are found not a few by eminent foreigners.

But to turn to more recent labours; another interesting and, in publications of this sort, novel feature of the *Folia Silvulæ* is that it furnishes the classical student with specimens of translation of the same passage by various hands, and by scholars eminent at various times and places. This is helpful to the young versifier, and by no means unattractive to "emeriti." Thus we can compare past and present on precisely the same ground, as where (No. 400) Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Henry Holden, a cousin of the editor, have each done into Latin elegiacs Goldsmith's lines beginning

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline.

* *Folia Silvulæ*; sive *Eclogæ Poetarum Anglicorum in Latinum et Græcum conversæ*. Quas disposuit Hubertus A. Holden, LL.D. Cantabrigiæ: apud Deighton, Bell, socios. 1865.

Had Sir Henry's version alone been presented to us, we might have carried away from its perusal a sense of the singular felicity with which that accomplished physician transmuted English verse into Latin as he drove on his professional rounds. Any slackness, any rather loose rendering, might have been ascribed to the circumstances under which the translator exercised his art. But read the graceful version of the more recent scholar, and it will be seen that he has made the spirit of Latin song more thoroughly his own than even his gifted predecessor. Not to quote wholesale, we will cull a beauty or two from the piece referred to:—

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease.
Who quits a world, where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.

Dr. Holden renders these lines:—

Felix cui placide recubanti hæc sede, juvenis
Post opus exactum concessisse datur:
Qui fugit illecebras hominum, malesuadaque mundi
Gaudia, quodque nequit ferre, recusat onus.

And so he gives us the equivalent of the English, both in letter and spirit, more completely than Sir Henry Halford, whose couplet—

Cui vite illecebras, nullâ virtute demandas,
Fallere in his umbris rite triumphus erat—

imports into the translation modern and alien ideas. This is observable elsewhere. When the clause "which never must be mine" in v. 2 has to be Englished, the earlier scholar's

Quam tamen omnipotens noluit esse meam

is less classical, we think, than the simple "Quam mihi fata negant" of the later. The same may be said of the respective renderings of the lines—

Sinks to the grave in unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way.

Fit tamulo propior maturi hæc conscia sævi,
Æquâ difficilem mente levante viam.—HOLDEN.

Tandem adeo facili lapsu descendit avitum
In tumulum, gressus sustinet alma fides.—HALFORD.

Further, this setting before us two or more versions of the same passage assists the curious in comparing the flower of one University with that of the other, as, for instance, in the many pieces upon which the cousins Holden have tried their translating hand. King Edward's School, Birmingham, and Trinity, Cambridge, against Shrewsbury and Balliol—it is a noble rivalry, and in this case it is but just to add that honours are divided, and the battle, so far as we can judge, a drawn one. But an even more curious opportunity of testing the Latin verses of one scholar and university by those of another is offered in the case of the translation of No. 592, where the opening of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, "The way was long, the wind was cold," &c., is turned into Latin elegiacs by Mr. Munro, the Cambridge editor of Lucretius, and by the Latin Professor and editor of Virgil at Oxford, Mr. Conington. Here are pitted against each other the champions, as regards Latin scholarship, of the two Universities. To decide between these, an arbiter should be sought who had been at both Universities or neither. But, even so, the choice would be difficult. Who shall say which of the twain best translates the couplet

Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne?

Mutati mores mutataque tempora pollent:
Advena legitimi munia regis obit.—MUNRO.

Antiqua antiquis fugit cum moribus ætas;
Imperat Augusti gens aliena domo.—CONINGTON.

Or the closing verses:—

And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

Temptat et, auriculas oblectaturus agrestes,
Lenimen regi quod fuit ante, lyram.—M.

Aut temptat si forte queant placuisse Menalcæ
Carmina Cæsaris auribus apta prius.—C.

If there be a distinction, perhaps it is that Mr. Munro's lines are the more unstudied verses of an easy Muse, Mr. Conington's the produce of more elaborate and fastidious study. This, too, may be the difference (we speak with the highest respect for the acquirements and accomplishments of both) between the Drs. Holden of Ipswich and Durham. The verses marked by the initials H. A. H. have much in their care and finish that is akin to Mr. Conington's style. The Oxford Holden's Muse seems more allied to Munro's. Of the two latter it may be believed that, as with Ovid in original versification, so with them in translation:—

Et quod temptabam scribere, versus erat.

Luckily, a third version of the passage which we have just noticed—and that by a late Provost of Eton, Francis Hodgson—is given by the editor, who thus enables us to see how far superior are the living translators to their predecessor, and justifies us in congratulating the Universities which still number amongst their active teachers men who have achieved such mastery over the Latin language and poetry as the Oxford Latin Professor, and the Cambridge editor of Lucretius. The latter scholar is largely represented in this volume, and along with him stand many of his compeers and colleagues, so worthy that it is almost invidious to single out names. Among translations by these, few charm our ear more than those of Mr. Arthur Holmes (e.g. 611) and Mr. R. C. Jebb (No. 613). Nothing could be

neater than the latter's rendering of "Many a year is in its grave." The Latin of the last stanza of it is as much as we can find space for:—

Ivimus: at triplex tu, portitor, accipe naulum;
Dona, nec invidio, triplice digna choro:
Scilicet una lacum transibat et altera mecum
Quæ visus eadem non foret umbra tui.

One of the most graceful of the Oxford contributors to this delightful volume is Mr. J. G. Lonsdale, whose aptitude for the task is hereditary. The Bishop of Lichfield's elegant translation of a chorus in the *Hecuba* into alcaics is deservedly republished in a work which aims at including the best Latin versions of various generations, and gives colour to the oft-questioned theory that talent descends from father to son. Mr. George Butler, too, adequately represents Oxford; but the names of the Kennedys, Charles and George, of Marmaduke Lawson—whose verses are second to none in the whole volume—and of Mr. T. S. Evans, help to incline the scale of excellence to the side of Cambridge. It is pity, perhaps, that with Cowper's Latin version of Prior's "Euphelia and Chloe," the editor did not give that of Lord John Manners from the first edition of the *Arundines Cami*. We say the first edition, because, with many other old favourites, this pretty copy of verses has slipped out of the sixth edition, just published. The last verse, "En tria facundis prodita corda genis," deserved a better fate. Let us, however, be thankful for what we have. Here is the editor's version of the famous epitaph in Brading churchyard—culled by us rather for its brevity than its superiority to the same translator's many excellent translations—enshrined in the *Folia Silculæ*:—

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear, &c."—(No. 46.)

Da veniam, pravo si egressam flemus ab orbe,
Da veniam lacrymis officioque pio:
Da veniam votis si te revocamus entem,
Et recipi æthereis nolumus, umbra, plagis;
Debitum potius gaudere, quod, hospita calli,
Liqueret effectum libera carne diem;
Debitum gaudere, et jam clarissima lucis
Limina præmissam mente animoque sequi.

And here is a stanza from Waller's "Rose," turned into elegiacs by Mr. G. F. Isaacson:—

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died!—(No. 434.)
Tum juveni, proprios nitidas quæ frontis honores
Respicit, ac meritis laude carere cupit;
Dic, si te quædam genuisset inhospta tellus,
Debueras cæca succubuisse neci.

Fain would we add Mr. Wratlaw's translation of "Away! let nought to Love displeasing" (No. 636, p. 147), which for its wonderful neatness quite deserves quotation. Its length, however, is such as to preclude its insertion here, and the curious are referred to the number and page where it will be found.

The value of such a publication as that now under our notice cannot be estimated too highly. If we agree with Savage Landor, appositely quoted in the preface, that "nemo felici exitu poësin colet quæcumque, nisi prius Romanam, quæ Græciæ est, coluerit," it is impossible to exaggerate our debt to a collector of so many gems, old, new, and midway between old and new, as are set in the *Folia Silculæ*. It is veritably entitled to be called "The best Latin versions of the best English verses," and it will much surprise us if the common verdict of scholars does not rank it as high as, if not above, the *Arundines Cami*, in even its newest form, the *Anthologia Oxoniensis*, and the *Sabrina Corolla*. If, as is not unlikely, it is by some considered to eclipse these, the chief credit will be due to Dr. Hubert Holden, not less for the industry, taste, and discrimination which he has shown as an editor, than for the pre-eminent excellence of his contributions as a translator. Few scholars could so skilfully have combined both functions—

Πολλὰ θρομβόλοι, παῖροι δὲ τι μάρτυς ἄνδρες.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM CATALOGUES.*

FEW people will be disposed to quarrel with the arrangements of the British Museum Reading-room. It seems as if everything that could be reasonably expected was provided for the accommodation of readers. The room is comfortably, nay luxuriously, furnished, and it would scarcely be possible to devise any better method for procuring the books and manuscripts that are wanted than that which has been adopted by its managers. Every one ought to be satisfied with such a disposition of the books as enables him to take with his own hand from the shelves in the room any of the more common works of reference which are ranged round that charming circle, and to procure in a reasonable time almost any printed book that he likes to ask for, and any of the valuable volumes of manuscripts that have been deposited there. It is possible, indeed, that objections may in some few cases be made to the mode of cataloguing books; as when, for instance, to get at so simple a book as one of the Camden Society volumes, it is necessary to look under the head of Academies, and then to proceed through the subdivisions of Europe, Great Britain, and London, to Camden Society, before the

* A Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Cottonian Library deposited in the British Museum. Printed by command of His Majesty King George III., &c. &c. &c., in pursuance of an Address of the House of Commons of Great Britain. 1802.

volume's proper place in the Library can be ascertained. We say that such an objection is conceivable. But much stress must not be laid upon it, for there are persons at hand to help and direct any inquirer to what he wants to find. We have, however, a much more serious accusation to make, and we wish to draw public attention to it, in the hope that some remedy may be discovered for a fault which nobody who will take the trouble to read what we have to say will attempt to deny or to palliate. The Catalogues of the MS. collections are, we believe, almost without exception, infamously drawn up. Many of them are full of grievous blunders and still more grievous omissions. If asked to make our charge more specific, we may mention the Harleian Catalogue, the Cottonian, and the Indexes to the Vatican Transcripts. We have selected the Cottonian Catalogue from which to give a specimen, and though we do not pretend that the particular volume Vitellius B. XII. is an average specimen, yet in point of fact it is not much worse than many others which stand on the same set of shelves.

Let it be premised, then, that the volume is one of those which has considerably suffered from the fire of 1731, that almost every leaf has been damaged more or less, and that some leaves have evidently been lost, and many others bound up in their wrong places. When these things are considered, it will be admitted that some excuse may be made for a compiler making an occasional mistake in the description of a single leaf, or even of a document extending over several leaves. Whether they can be allowed to stand as an excuse for the actual state of things in this Catalogue is a point which we will leave to our readers to determine for themselves. Our object is, not to accuse M. Planta, the compiler of the Catalogue, but to suggest to the authorities at the British Museum that it is high time that a new Catalogue should be made. M. Planta himself observes as follows:—

That, in the variety and perplexity of research implied in so intricate a maze of latent facts, no errors should have escaped my best endeavours will hardly be expected, especially by those who are apprised that in the opinion of the best bibliographers no work of this nature, certainly none executed by one single person, and one, moreover, incessantly distracted by a variety of other avocations, has ever been produced free from imperfections. But it is hoped that these imperfections, however numerous, will not materially affect the utility of the performance.

The authorities of the British Museum will probably think, after the exposure of the following errors, that it would be advisable to entrust the compilation of a new Catalogue to two or three different hands, and to offer them such remuneration for their labours as may prevent the excuse of "a variety of other avocations" being alleged in defence of a slovenly execution of a duty.

The volume entitled Vitellius B. XII. consists of forty-five different articles. Out of these forty-five, nearly one-fourth are wrongly entered; nearly all the rest are inadequately described; whilst no notice has been taken of the handwriting of any of them, though many are in Wolsey's hand, either wholly or in part, and though his interlineations, &c., are of the utmost historical importance. Moreover, scarcely a single conjecture has been inserted as to the date, whether of the day or year, when either of these does not happen to be specified.

Thus, the second article is entered on the Catalogue as follows:—

2. Queen Catharine of Aragon and Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey? on the coming of Cardinal Campeius (Orig. the Queen's letter, probably in her own hand, but not signed, a fragment). 1528.

The editor might have spared his modest note of interrogation, for the person addressed was undoubtedly the Cardinal of York; but as several specimens of the handwriting of Queen Catharine were under his keeping, and as this very same volume contains her signature repeated at least twelve times, it is hard to account for his assigning the letter, which is in the well-known hand of Anne Boleyn, to the first of the six queens of the Tudor monarch. The mistake is the more ludicrous in this instance because the letters had been printed with the signatures of Henry and Anne, before the fire had destroyed them, in so common a book as Burnet's *History of the Reformation*; and it is still more ridiculous in its consequences, as Sir Henry Ellis printed the mutilated fragment under the same belief that it was Catharine's, and argued from it that Catharine was on good terms with Henry VIII., and was anxiously waiting the arrival of Campeggio. We cannot help thinking that here at least is one mistake that "materially affects the utility of the performance"; and perhaps our readers will be of the same opinion when we add that Mr. Sharon Turner exhibits his intimate acquaintance with original documents, as well as his insight into the views of Queen Catharine, by inserting an elaborate note in his history to prove that the letter was *probably* composed by Anne Boleyn. After such a blunder as this, it may be thought almost too trifling a mistake for us to notice that Arts. 30 and 33, which are described respectively as "Pope Clement's breve for the examination of the bull," and "A decretal by which Clement declares the bull of Julius II. to be forged," are really two drafts of the same identical document, which should have been described as "a decretal which it was wished Clement should issue against the genuineness of the breve."

We must not dwell on this little mistake. We proceed to Numbers 27—36 inclusive. In this brief space we have as many as eight documents wrongly described as relating to the bull of Pope Julius II. Will it be believed that these eight documents all refer to the celebrated breve of doubtful authenticity which the Queen produced in the Legatine Court, and which entirely baffled the promoters of the suit against her? A compiler of a catalogue of MSS. might, we think, be expected to know the difference

between a bull and a breve; and if in this instance M. Planta had taken the trouble to glance ever so cursorily at the documents, he must have seen that they all refer to the breve, and have nothing to do with the bull of Julius II., the authenticity of which was never questioned, sanctioning the marriage of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon.

A similar piece of carelessness occurs in reference to Arts. 4 and 9. The editor has not noticed that Art. 9 is merely a duplicate of part of Art. 4, and has described Art. 4 simply as "A record of the proceedings of the two legates in the affair of the divorce, in which are entered several instruments relating thereto." Who would have supposed, from this description, that this paper contained original documents from which alone the whole history of the transaction has been derived, and that some of the instruments are not to be found elsewhere, either in MS. or in print?

The last sheet of the volume is described as "Part of a letter concerning the divorce (a rough draft)." Now this is correct. But we submit that it is a somewhat inadequate account of a letter in the handwriting of Cardinal Wolsey, the very first lines of which express that it was written in answer to Gardiner's letter of August 4, which occupies the preceding leaf of the same volume. Whilst we are on the subject of Wolsey's handwriting, it seems to be worth while to notice that this precious volume contains as many as five papers in Wolsey's hand; and others with interlinations of the highest importance made by himself in the documents drawn up under his direction. The articles numbered 10, 11, 16, 24, and 45 are all in Wolsey's hand. Of these No. 24 is called "A fragment of some deposition." So far is this from being a true description that it is an account given by Wolsey of the transactions of the twelfth day of the trial, on which Nicholas West, Bishop of Ely, acknowledged the genuineness of his signature to the protestation made by Henry against the marriage with his brother's widow. By what process the editor convinced himself, as he appears to have done in his description of Art. 25, that "John, Bishop of Ely" was "probably Nic. West" we are utterly unable to conjecture.

We pass over other omissions, as well as vague and insufficient notices of documents, and will confine our attention to one other point. The decretal of which we have been speaking, which begins at folio 164, is broken off in the middle by the insertion of four letters which have no connection with it, and a vacant leaf; after which, at folio 176, the same document is continued, and is endorsed on the back of folio 177, "Minuta Commissionis Decretalis." But this is a point which escaped the editor's observation. It is well known that there are some of the more valuable volumes of this collection which are kept as select, and are not allowed to be consulted in the general reading-room. Perhaps there is no historical volume in the Cotton Library so valuable as this one of Vitellius B. XII. which has been so strangely neglected. But it has not been our object to point out the value of the volume, which probably is just as safe in the hands of a reader in the public room as in the more private department where the select volumes may be seen. Our wish has been rather to draw attention to the enormous deficiencies of this Catalogue as an index to the papers noticed in it, and to make such a public exposure of its contents as may lead to a thorough revision, not to say a re-writing, of the whole volume. We have said that the documents contained in this volume are of the highest importance. We shall not be accused of having made an exaggerated statement if we give a single instance in point.

Several of the papers consist of depositions in the cause of the divorce. The names of the witnesses are for the most part given properly, but in those parts of the depositions which relate to the consummation of the first marriage with Arthur everything that could be alleged in favour of this point has been translated into Latin, the Latin version being inserted between the lines of the English, by Wolsey himself, evidently with the view of sending them to the Pope. This was a turning-point in the argument, and Wolsey, who certainly knew that the marriage never had been more than a form, is here found endeavouring to make probable that which he did not believe to be true. If any other version of this singular document can be given, we submit that at least it cannot be used in defence of the accurate habits of investigation of the compiler of the Cotton Catalogue. We do not pretend that other volumes which have not suffered so much from fire have been as badly described as this. But the Catalogue is, nevertheless, full of mistakes from beginning to end. And if the mutilated documents were more hard to decipher, they at least demanded more time and trouble to be bestowed upon them. In the instance before us we have seen that the time and trouble would have been amply repaid.

LATIMER'S LUCK.*

THE author of this work has an odd notion of luck. We opened it in the expectation of finding a hero who should be a contrast to that favourite conception of female novelists—the resolute young man with a determined mouth who pushes his way in life through every obstacle with indomitable energy. Change is always pleasant, and we were prepared to follow with interest the career of a hero of another sort, who in an easy and effortless manner, by some extraordinary stroke of good fortune—say the remittance of a gigantic nugget from Australia, or the wholesale removal of rich but inconvenient relatives—should find himself in

clover. But in these anticipations we were mistaken. "Latimer's luck" appears to us to have been of a decidedly moderate, not to say equivocal, kind. One can hardly regard as lucky a man who starts as heir presumptive to a fastidious colonel at Bath, and ends with the post of head clerk to a sugar merchant at Bristol. In addition to the descent in the social scale involved in this change of position, the hero is subjected to the further mortification of being cut out of the Colonel's estate by the reappearance of a kidnapped child at the end of the third volume, as well as of losing one fortune which an old lady intended to leave him, and another which he might fairly have reckoned on acquiring with Esther Montgomery. "Latimer's Conflict," or "Latimer's Modest Competence," or—following the analogy of the last production by the same hand—"Latimer against the World," would have been a more appropriate title for this work. Looking to the number of personal encounters in which the hero was engaged in the course of his chequered career, perhaps the last name would have been the fittest of any. But his luck, in the sense of good fortune, falls so far short of his deserts that we cannot but think that the title of this book is intended to convey an ironical meaning. Perhaps the luck suggested is of that kind which is popularly attributed to the feline race, when we say that they have nine lives, or are sure to fall on their feet. What with the open assaults of drunken colliers and Bristol rioters, and the secret machinations of Henry Hoggins, a villainous brother clerk, and his own truly Hibernian taste for mingling in street rows and plunging into the docks after drowning Irishwomen, the vitality of Latimer Stratford is hardly less remarkable. Or perhaps the author has a high moral purpose in view, and, in doling out so scanty a measure of success to his hero wished to enforce the truth that an honest independence is its own reward. Lastly—and this we think most probable—it may have been fully intended at starting to crown the hero's long ordeal with that wholesale prosperity of which the conclusions of novels are usually so lavish, and a simple plot of materials may have prevented the completion of this portion of the original design. The accumulation of accessories is so bewildering, the chief current of interest meanders into so many side-eddies, that it is by no means surprising that the plain duty of providing handsomely for the nominal hero should have been overlooked or forgotten.

Of course there are obvious advantages in constructing a novel on the principle of a kaleidoscope, which shall present a constant succession of fresh combinations. In the first place, it enables the author to dispense with consistency in his characters, and logical sequence in his incidents. The business resolves itself into a mere matter of brisk harlequinade. No sooner is one set of "walking gentlemen" off the stage than another group enters. The scene shifts; the great bed turns into a bathing-machine, and we are transported in a trice from Cheapside to Margate. Another blow of the magic wand, and we are among fairies and *figurantes* in the Palace of Ambrosial Delights. There is really no more interdependence between the chapters of the novel under review than there is between the scenes of a Christmas pantomime. The first volume is chiefly devoted to the description of Bath society as it existed thirty or forty years ago. This is a subject which recalls some of the most exquisite delineations of Miss Austen, but the author of *Latimer's Luck* is no mere imitator of that delightful writer. Not a trace can be detected in these pages of an influence which, upon such a theme, would have haunted the memory and given a tone to the composition of most novelists, however conscientiously aiming at originality. Both by instinct and training the author has more literary affinity with Mr. Dickens, whose tendency to caricature and peculiar mannerism are reproduced in these volumes with tolerable fidelity. Almost all the characters are ticketed with some oddity or idiosyncrasy—a trick which is much in vogue with novelists who pique themselves on the "individuality" of their creations. Colonel Stratford is a sort of compound of Beau Brummell and Mephistopheles, who proves his mettle as an exquisite by refusing to eat salmon without cucumber, and takes a fiendish pleasure in making love to any young woman for whom his youthful cousin conceives a passion. Then there is Mrs. Pigott, a fussy good-humoured widow, brusque of manner and speech, who had eyes which were "not bad lightning conductors in stormy weather," cheeks in which the "rose tints were growing deeper," and "such a figure." So unique was the last-named personal charm that the late lamented Mr. Pigott, a mild-mannered man with a lisp, used to express himself with an eloquent freedom on the subject of his wife's bust, "until the *Abrides* (sic) severed the mortal destinies of husband and wife." Mrs. Pigott was one of the few people who could even snub the exquisite Colonel, who, among his other accomplishments, was a most fascinating talker; and one day being in his company, when she felt "that a charm was in operation which was carrying her away mentally captive, she sprang to the bell-rope and ordered the servant to bring her a pin." An ordinary visitor would merely have felt surprise, but the Colonel "felt that Mrs. Pigott had been triumphant, and rose to take his leave." Another frequenter of Bath coteries was Lord Merlin, an elderly peer "with green eyes, and whiskers which could not fairly be said to witness against him," who "fed his nostrils with perpetual meals of snuff." A nastier practice, or one less befitting the refinement of the Upper House, we never heard of. Then there is Nicholas Vaux, a very sublime conception indeed, inasmuch as he was a barrister by profession, who was "briefless from choice." His capacities were such that it would not have surprised his friends "if he finished his career on the scaffold or at the stake." As almost the first thing we hear of him is an attempt, while in a

* *Latimer's Luck*. By the Author of "A Woman against the World." London: Richard Bentley. 1865.

state of intoxication, to kiss a pretty milliner, the reader's prognostications will hardly be of the same exalted kind. No doubt, as an advocate, he had schooled his features to a proper degree of immobility, for "his expression was enigmatical, negative rather than positive; not very amiable, neither morose; not very candid, neither deceptive; not sensual, yet not free from the look of the voluptuary; not of the Exeter Hall, neither of the Vauxhall type." Whatever his countenance may have been like, about his conversation there is a very decided forensic twang; and though his lofty indifference to briefs precluded him from practice in open court, yet in private life he is seldom at a loss for materials upon which to exercise his singular powers of cross-examination. We hardly know what to make of Maria Lyman, the young actress who doubts "whether her fortune is in her brain or her face," but who, after nursing Latimer through a dangerous illness, ends by marrying the Colonel. The only motive for her apparently heartless conduct is a romantic desire to send her sister to a fashionable seminary for young ladies. One has heard a good many strange things of girls' schools, but such an institution as Miss Banter's must have been a real educational curiosity even among the Minerva Houses of the last generation. Imagine a college where the fair inmates were, like convicts, known as number one, number two, and so on. Then Miss Banter's nose of itself would have conferred immortality on any establishment over which she presided. It was a nose "straight to the bridge, as if the artist had laid the foundation of a Grecian feature; it then curved gently upwards, forming a compound termination of Roman, celestial, and Scotch pump-handle, in which two arches in the pointed style did duty for nostrils; which arches looked out straight on society, suggesting the idea that they might have been intended as skylights for the soul." The function of looking out on society should have belonged, one would think, to Miss Banter's eyes rather than her nose; nor do we quite see how nostrils could serve as "skylights for the soul." But Miss Banter's demeanour is even more eccentric than her person. When she presented herself to receive her pupils' homage, "she chafed forward on the right foot, then on the left, twice on each; and, being carried thus fairly beyond the shadow of the doorway, she described a graceful circle with her right toe, slid the left foot backwards, and once more curtsied." When the due amount of curtsying had been accomplished, "Her Majesty proceeded to her throne, taking care to advance her hip and thigh at each successive step." There is nothing unusual, of course, in moving the leg as you walk; but when we are further told that "dresses permitted this especial beauty of Miss Banter's figure to be more or less observable," we begin to think that Miss Banter's dress must have been rather too classical to be edifying for her pupils. The character of the geographical instruction, of which the author gives a most remarkable specimen, and the nature of the sports, which consisted chiefly "in playing leap-frog sideways," were in every way worthy of a first-class school for young ladies "the colour of whose venous system was cerulean."

Equally ingenious are the characters of low life depicted in this book. The author is as much at home in the slums of Bristol as in the fashionable parlours of Bath, and, as the story swings throughout between the two places, the lower as well as the upper stratum of society is laid bare to view. When Latimer comes to Bristol to get employment, he falls in with all sorts of strange people. His intimate friend is an errand-boy, with a good heart and high animal spirits, who ultimately perishes in the Bristol riots. Then he has a devoted admirer in an impulsive Irishwoman, whom he rescued from a watery grave in the docks, and whose antecedents are in some dark way connected with his relative the Colonel. Then there is Mrs. Pycroft his landlady, a most racy personage, judging from the conditions which she imposes on her tenant:—

Smoking not permitted, but overlooked. No dogs or parrots. A latch-key; no riotous living; and a shilling a week for the use of the kitchen-fire. Shoes to be wiped before coming upstairs, or sixpence fine; and slippers after ten o'clock if at home. No reading in bed, or sleeping with boots on, under one shilling fine, if beneath the clothes; if on the counterpane, whatever the washerwoman charges. Plain cooking; no fancy dishes; and leave to attend family prayers if agreeable.

Political feeling, we know, ran very high in Bristol at the time of the Reform Bill, and this gives the author the opportunity for introducing his hero to a secret conclave of demagogues and agitators, whose plots culminated in the Wetherell riots, in the course of which Latimer saves the life of the young lady of his affections. Being denounced by his malevolent fellow-clerk as a rioter, he is tried for his life, but acquitted through the exertions of the grateful Mrs. Flannigan, the verdict of the jury running as follows:—"We find that Mr. Stratford leaves this Court without a stain on his character." Not content with his abortive projects of revenge against Latimer, Henry Hoggins (who is secretly the Colonel's eldest son) contrives to steal the Colonel's infant heir from his cradle. This would seem to have been rather inconsistent in him, inasmuch as, in default of issue, the property was to go to the detested Latimer himself. But an author who holds in his hand such a multiplicity of threads may well be excused for a little occasional bewilderment. Our own brain positively reels with the attempt to unravel all the complications of *Latimer's Luck*.

It is an easier matter to carry away a few of the remarkable aphorisms which stud its pages in unexampled profusion. We learn, for instance, that "the terrible selfishness of mankind is in no manner so clearly illustrated as in the pertinacity with which old people cling to life." Our author justly thinks that it will be

hard to obtain a law for the removal of inconvenient old people, so long as elderly gentlemen are allowed to sit in Parliament. There are whole strings of maxims which we can safely recommend to the compiler of the child's copybook. "Fashion is the sworn ally of trade." "The first sight of great human suffering is never forgotten." "The deaf man never gives his friend a flute." "It rarely falls to the lot of Englishwomen who can stay at home to mingle in public work." "All female and floral beauty inclines to fulness." "Harsh judgments are ever the result of hard experiences." "Scepticism as to virtue betrays a close acquaintanceship with sin." Sometimes the author's meaning is not expressed very grammatically, as where it is said that "friendship is an invaluable institution, legitimately availed of"; or, "tis better to be delighted with the perfume of the flowers than to search for the worm in its inmost recesses." Occasionally the word of wisdom is placed in the mouth of one of the characters, as where Vaux observes to Elfrida, "The lion and lioness, Miss Dana, have more strength than Shetland ponies." Or, again, "It is very interesting, Esther, to watch the reproductive power of gold." No doubt the following sentiment is very profound:—"What a pleasant world it would be if we could all buy by avoirdupois and sell by troy weight." But we protest against the tone of the following remark on dress:—

As long as ladies decline to approximate to a state of nature in the style of their attire, it pleases the sense that the envious drapery should combine in colour and texture all that is most elegant and refined, whereby is enhanced the charm of the little that is revealed of female loveliness.

We may conclude these extracts by quoting a passage of tremendous mystery:—

The space between the measure of a diminished faith and sheer Pyrrhonism in human goodness is immeasurable. On the one side there are angels, loveliness, harmonies. On the other lies that dread being of incalculable birth, and all the horrid brood of hell.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. ALFRED MELLON has the honour to announce that his FIFTH ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS will commence on Monday, August 7. Admission, 1s.

STODARE.—ONE HUNDREDTH REPRESENTATION. THEATRE OF MYSTERY, EGYPTIAN HALL.

Colonel STODARE'S WONDERS IN MAGIC AND VENTRILOQUISM, performed without Confederates, Assistants, or Apparatus, having been given now for upwards of 100 times in the above Hall, which is crowded nightly and daily with the elite of society, and was also patronised by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and a brilliant assembly on the 21st of June last at Spencer House, after the usual performance at the Egyptian Hall.

The Entertainment has likewise been pronounced by the whole of the Metropolitan Press, from the "Times" downward, as the most extraordinary and finished of the kind ever seen in this country.

Every Night at Eight; Wednesdays and Saturdays at Three.

Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.

STODARE.—ONE HUNDREDTH REPRESENTATION. EGYPTIAN HALL.—THEATRE OF MYSTERY.

The New and Marvellous Illusions.—The Instantaneous Growth of Flower-trees, and the Real INDIAN BASKET PEAP, as only performed by Colonel Stodare and the Indian Magicians, and introduced for the first time in this country by Colonel Stodare on Easter Monday, April 17, 1865, in his celebrated Entertainment of Magic and Ventriloquism. Every Night at Eight, Saturday included; and Special Day Representations on Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 3s.—Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's, 3 Old Bond Street; and at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall, from Eleven to Five.

"The sensation of the season."—*File Punch*, June 2, 1865.

DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1865.

Under the Special Patronage of Her Majesty the QUEEN.

The Exhibition is Open every Week Day. Admission, 1s.; Saturday, 2s. 6d.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

Return Tickets, available for One Month, are issued between London and the principal Railway Stations in England and Scotland and Dublin, at an abatement of 15 per cent. below the ordinary Return Ticket rate, the holder being entitled to purchase at the same time at the Railway Station a Ticket giving him admission six times to the Exhibition for 1s. 6d., being 15 per cent. under the ordinary rate.

Excursion Trains will be organised to run fortnightly, or oftener if necessary, at very moderate fares, not exceeding 21s. from London to Dublin and back, and from other places in like proportion. The Ticket will be good for a fortnight, and at the same time the holder will be entitled to obtain at the same Railway Station for One Shilling a Ticket giving him admission twice to the Exhibition.

On the Irish Railways, also, Excursion Tickets will be issued at greatly Reduced Fares, affording unusual facilities for visiting the celebrated Scenery of the Country.

June 21. HENRY PARKINSON, Sec. and Comptroller.

WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY NEXT, JULY 22.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now Open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE A. FRIPP, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 PALL MALL.—THE TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, to which has been added ROSA BONHEUR'S NEW PICTURE of "A Family of Deer crossing the Summit of the Long Rocks" (Forest of Fontainebleau), is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 30 Kensington

Square, W. Head-Master—F. NASH, Esq., late Principal of Farnington, Netherton Hill. Assisted by E. THRELWELL, Esq., M.A., Trin. Coll. Cambridge; Professor Housas, F.R.G.S., King's Coll. London; Mons. ALEXANDRE, Professor Sciences at St. Germain; and others. Tuition Fee—Twelve, Nine, or Six Guineas per Annum. A few Vacancies for Boarders. Prospectuses on Application.

TAUNTON COLLEGE SCHOOL. Head-Master—Rev. W.

TUCKWELL, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford. Second-Master—J. H. MERRIOTT, Esq., B.A., late Scholar of Merton College, Oxford. The Premises have lately been enlarged, and fresh Class-Rooms added, with increased accommodation for Boarders. A Museum and Laboratory have been fitted up, and a Botanical Garden laid out, for the teaching of Physical Science, which is extended to all the School.—For particulars, address the Head-Master. The School will reopen on Saturday, August 5.

LOUGHBOROUGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Founded 1495)

affords a thorough EDUCATION for University or Mercantile Life, at Terms including all Expenses of Board and Education, except Drawing (42 per Annum). Books and Medical Attendance. One Pupil has just won an Open Scholarship of £50 per Annum at Christ's College, Cambridge; another an Open Exhibition at Wadham College, Oxford.—Reopens August 5. Exhibitions to Cambridge.

SUTTON VALENCE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near Staple-

hurst, Kent. Head-Master—Rev. J. D. KINGDON, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. This School has been entirely rebuilt and greatly enlarged by the Governors, the Oldmasters' Company, who are also attached to it four Exhibitions of £50 per annum, tenable for four years at Oxford or Cambridge (one vacant every year); Four Scholarships of £25 per annum, tenable for two years not at an University (two vacant every year). There is also an Exhibition of £25 per annum, tenable for four years at St. John's College, Cambridge. These Exhibitions and Scholarships are open to the whole School, and awarded by Examination.—For further particulars apply to the Head-Master, at the School.

The next Term will commence on September 5.

THE UPPER AND MIDDLE SCHOOLS, Peckham, S.E.

REOPENED July 20. Reports of Examiners on every Pupil in the Schools forwarded on application. JOHN YEATS, L.L.D.

CLARENDON HOUSE COLLEGIATE and COMMERCIAL SCHOOL, Kennington Road, S. Principal—DR. PINCHES, F.G.P., F.R.A.S. The largest number of Certificates was taken by this School at the last Examination (of upwards of 900 Candidates) by the College of Preceptors. The next Term will commence on September 11. For a Prospectus, apply as above.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION of Candidates will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners on March 19, 1866, and following days. The Competition will be open to all natural-born subjects of Her Majesty who, on the 1st of March next, shall be over Seventeen and under Twenty-one years of age, and of good Health and Character.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—EXAMINATION of MARCH 1866.—Copies of the Regulations may be had upon application to the SECRETARY, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W.

THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MAYHEMATH, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE.—Mr. WREN, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, assisted by the 13th Wrangler, the 15th Classic, and the Senior Moralist of their respective years at Cambridge, by a Graduate and Gold Medalist of the University of London for Natural Sciences, and the best Masters obtainable for the Oriental and Modern Languages, receives TWELVE RESIDENT PUPILS to prepare for the Examinations for the above. Moderate terms. References to Parents of successful Pupils.—Wiltshire House, St. John's Road, Brixton.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—GENTLEMEN desiring to qualify themselves for the Examinations required of Candidates for the INDIA and HOME CIVIL SERVICE will find Masters, of high repute, in all the subjects allowed to be taken up for the Competitive Examination, at A. D. SEARSON'S, M.A., Civil Service Hall, 11 Princes Square, Baywater, W.—References to numerous successful Candidates who have been sent up from this Establishment during the last five years.

INDIAN CIVIL, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, &c.—Success Guaranteed.—A Pupil has just passed the Direct after Three Months' Reading.—Address, PRIVATE Tutors, care of Mr. Macintosh, St. Pancras Road, London.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE.—PREPARATIONS, under experienced Graduates in Honours, from English Universities. No. 78, St. Philip's Square, Baywater. Engineer-Staff and Army. References. Many Students from this Establishment have obtained high ranks and distinctions, besides Commissions without Purchase. Monthly, Twelve Guineas.—Address, NAUTA-VIA.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—There are FOUR NON-RESIDENT VACANCIES for the Open Competition of 1866 in a Class of Six Pupils only, under the Direction of a Staff of Professors selected from the Leading I.C.S. Colleges. Special Preparation adequate to Private Tuition may be thereby guaranteed. There are also Two Vacancies for the "Further" Examination of 1866.—OAKLEY, 51 Pall Mall, S.W.

OXFORD EXAMINATIONS.—The Rev. J. RUMSEY, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford, Rector of Llandough, near Cowbridge, Glamorgan, still prepares a few PUPILS for the University Examinations and for Matriculation.—Address, Llandough Rectory, Cowbridge.

THE Rev. J. J. MANLEY, M.A. (Etonian), Graduate in Honours, Oxford (1852), receives SIX GENTLEMEN, to prepare them for the Universities or Bishops' Examinations. A Graduate in Honours of Cambridge assists in Mathematics. ONE VACANCY.—Address, Cottrell Rectory, Buntingford, Herts.

EDUCATION in the SOUTH of FRANCE.—A CLERGYMAN (M.A. Oxford), who has had great Experience in Tuition, passes the Winter Months at Mentone, Alpes Maritimes, and will take with him, in October, a Limited Number of PUPILS. For particulars and testimonials.—Address, the Rev. S. H. Messrs. Rivingtons, 3 Waterloo Place, S.W.

RUGBY and other PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Rev. G. F. WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of Corp. Chr. Coll. Cambridge, and Senior Assistant-Master of Wellington College, and formerly Assistant-Master at Shrewsbury, receives BOYS of Nine Years of Age and upwards to be Prepared for Admission to the Public Schools, and Competition for Open Scholarships.—Address, Overslade, near Rugby.

ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA.—A Married CLERGYMAN (Cambridge Graduate, 1st Class Ord. Dec. 1849), residing in a commodious House at St. Leonard's, limits the number of his PUPILS to FOUR. He can thus insure both excellent Accommodation and careful Private Instruction to each Pupil. References unexceptionable. Terms, £150.—Address, ESTE, Dorman's Library, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

PRIVATE TUITION in GERMANY.—A PRIVATE TUTOR, long accustomed to the care of English Boys, has Vacancies for TWO or THREE PUPILS. Every Advantage is afforded for learning German, French, and the usual Branches of an English Education. Terms—including Examinee, Dinning, Washing, &c., the only extra being Music—are for Boys under Fourteen, £80; over Fourteen, £100 a year. Address, HERR KUDENMANN, Schöne Aussicht, Wiesbaden. Reference kindly permitted to the Rev. J. G. Brine, English Chaplain of Wiesbaden, and to the Parents of present and former Pupils.

PREPARATION for PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—A Married CLERGYMAN, who receives a few BOYS over the age of Eight Years to prepare for the Public Schools, has Two Vacancies. Inclusive Terms, 80 Guineas per annum.—Address, Rev. EDMOND FOWLS, Vicarage, Shipton, Marlborough.

EDUCATION, Brussels.—PUPILS received by Mr. W. J. TAYLOR, Rue de Berlin, where a sound English Education is imparted, embracing at the same time a thorough practical knowledge of the French Language. Pupils prepared for the Universities, Military and Service Examinations.—For Prospectuses and references, apply to Mr. W. J. ADAMS, 59 Fleet Street, London.

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BRIGHTON.—A CLERGYMAN, engaged in University Tuition at Oxford, intends to pass the Long Vacation in Brighton, and will be glad to Read with One or Two additional PUPILS, either Members of the University, or wishing to enter it in October.—Apply to the Rev. M.A., care of Mr. Rose, 2 High Street, Oxford.

HEIDELBERG.—DR. IHNE, late Principal of Carlton Terrace School, Liverpool, receives a Limited Number of PUPILS into his Family to educate with his own sons. His House is situated on the Neckar, in a most beautiful and healthy spot, and the arrangements of his Household are suited to the requirements of English Boys.—For terms and references apply to Messrs. TAYLOR & Co., 60 Paternoster Row, or to Dr. IHNE, Villa Feiseck, near Heidelberg.

A YOUNG Scotch Protestant LADY, for many years and at present with a Family of position in Scotland, desires an Engagement as RESIDENT GOVERNESS on any part of the Continent. Acquirements—thorough English, French, Vocal and Instrumental Music, and Elementary German and Italian. Highest references given and required. Agents need not apply.—Address, stating particulars, U.L., Julian's Library, 81 Connaught Terrace, Hyde Park, London, W.

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SOUTH DEVON.—DARTMOUTH.—To be Let Furnished, for Six Months or longer, a DETACHED VILLA, containing Three Sitting-rooms, Five or Six Bed-rooms. Good Garden and Stable. Near a Railway.—Address, E. F. C., Warfield House, Dartmouth.

MALVERN.—DR. STUMMES' HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT and SPASMODIC, lately erected at great expense expressly for Invalids, is now open to the reception of PATIENTS. It is situated on the slope of the Malvern Hills, and is surrounded by extensive and ornamental Grounds, and commands unrivalled views of the whole Mountain Scenery and Valley Landscape. Vapour and various other Baths, a Gymnasium, a spacious Billiard Room 20ft. by 21ft., and left-hand, a covered Promenade 120ft. long, are attached to the house. Dr. S. has been since 1847 a Hydropathic Practitioner, and the Resident Physician to the largest Water-Cure Establishment at Malvern. Terms moderate.—For Prospectus, apply to L. STUMMES, M.D., Great Malvern.

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CAPITAL, £1,000,000, IN 80,000 SHARES OF £25 EACH.
FIRST ISSUE, 40,000 SHARES.

41 per Share to be paid on Application, and 44 on Allotment. No further Call is contemplated.

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This Company has been formed to take over the business of the ACCIDENTAL DEATH INSURANCE COMPANY—the existing Constitution and Capital of which are now found to be inconvenient and inadequate to its recently largely extended operations.

That Company (empowered by Special Acts of Parliament, 15 Vict. c. 56, and 22 & 23 Vict. c. 31) was founded in 1850, with a nominal Capital of £250,000, in 20,000 shares of £25 each, of which 50,000 have been issued. The following statement, embracing the amount of Premiums since the commencement of the Company, shows the progressive and steadily increasing nature of its operations—

THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH INSURANCE COMPANY.

1850 £1,228 1 6 1855 £18,059 10 8 1860 £42,780 6 1
1851 2,668 15 7 1856 21,742 3 2 1861 42,384 12 5
1852 4,226 5 2 1857 35,320 3 10 1862 44,241 15 9
1853 10,753 3 9 1858 33,340 0 0 1863 47,256 19 3
1854 15,103 13 9 1859 41,734 3 6

The Income of this Branch for last year was £49,489 19s. 10d.

The claims in respect of the above Premiums have not exceeded 60 per cent.

The business of the Company has been to provide any amount at death, from accidental causes, from £25 to £2,000, or any amount of weekly provision during complete disablement, from 10s. to £20 per week, or to provide a sum at death and weekly compensation together, as arranged rates of premium. The advantages to the community of this system of insurance must be apparent, and the figures above manifest the manner in which they have been appreciated by the public. The capital of the Accidental Death Insurance Company has hitherto compelled the Directors to limit the sums insured, thus confining the advantages of insuring to a certain class. With the larger capital and influence of the proposed Corporation, insurances may be granted to an extent which it is believed will attract large numbers of the higher and more wealthy classes.

The Accidental Death Company commenced underwriting in 1862, but the successful development of operations in Marine Insurance has been retarded by the inappropriateness of the name for a Marine Company. With, however, a change of title and constitution, and an adequacy of capital, the Company will without doubt obtain that support to which it is fairly entitled.

The accounts of the recently formed Marine Insurance Companies, which have exhibited good dividends, and shown prospects of great value, leave no doubt on the minds of the Directors that as any rate equal success will attend the efforts of the Corporation in this direction. The services of a gentleman of experience have been secured as underwriter.

The extensive machinery of agents (of which there are between 4,000 and 5,000) is in full work, and is of great value. Indeed, the Directors confidently believe that all that is required to secure a rapid increase in the existing business is a proper adaptation of modern requirements as regards capital and position.

A Provisional Agreement has been made with the Directors of the Accidental Death Insurance Company whereby the business will be handed over to the Corporation as from the 1st July next, with the Office Staff, assets, and liabilities. For every Two Shares of £25 with £1 paid, held by the Proprietors of the Accidental Death Insurance Company, there will be given a Certificate of One Share of the Accidental and Marine Insurance Corporation, Limited, with £5 paid. This will absorb 10,000 shares; the remaining 20,000 are offered to the public.

A Copy of the Articles of Association may be seen at the Office, No. 7 Bank Buildings, and at the Office of the Solicitors and Brokers of the Company.

Applications for Shares, accompanied by a Remittance for the Deposit, may be made to the Bankers, Brokers, and to the Secretary at the Chief Office, on the accompanying Form.

ACCIDENTAL and MARINE INSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.
FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.
(To be retained by the Bankers.)

To the Directors of the Accidental and Marine Insurance Corporation, Limited,
7 Bank Buildings, E.C.

GENTLEMEN.—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £ , being a Deposit of 41 per Share on Shares in the above Company, I hereby request that you will allot me the number of Shares, or I agree to accept such Shares, or any less number you may allot to me, and I agree to pay the sum of 41 per Share on Allotment, and I authorize you to insert my Name on the Register of Members for the number of Shares allotted to me.

Name in full
Address
Profession
Date
Signature

SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
(Established at Glasgow in 1836, and Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.)

Particular attention is invited to the system of MINIMUM PREMIUMS introduced by this Society, under which it is believed that Assurances can be effected more economically than in other Offices. Explanatory Pamphlets may be had on application.

At present, 21,141, the existing Assurances (15,384 Policies) amounted to £4,660,351; the Accumulated Funds to £1,070,966; and the Annual Income to £183,192.

JOHN STOTT, Secretary.
LONDON OFFICE—1 THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.

HOME and COLONIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.
FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE.

Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000.—Paid up, £100,000.
Chief Offices—59 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

FIRE and LIFE INSURANCES at moderate rates, and on liberal terms.
THOMAS MILLER, Manager: Fire and Life Departments.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.—REDUCTION OF DUTY.—The Reduced Duty of 1s. 6d. per Cent. per Annum is now charged on all Insurances effected, whether on Buildings, Furniture, or Stock.

Lombard Street and Charing Cross, July 1865. GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

ACCIDENTS to LIFE or LIMB.—An Annual Payment of £3 to £5 ss. secures £1,000 in case of Death, or 50 per week while Laid up by Injury.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY. Offices, 64 Cornhill, and 10 Regent Street.

W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.

Incorporated A.D. 1720, by Charter of George I.

Chief Office, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; Branch, 29 PAUL MALL.

FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

The Duty on Fire Assurances has been reduced to the uniform rate of 1s. 6d. per cent. per annum, from Midsummer 1865.

Any sum up to £15,000 insurable on the same Life.

A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital-Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a half.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.